Saturday Review

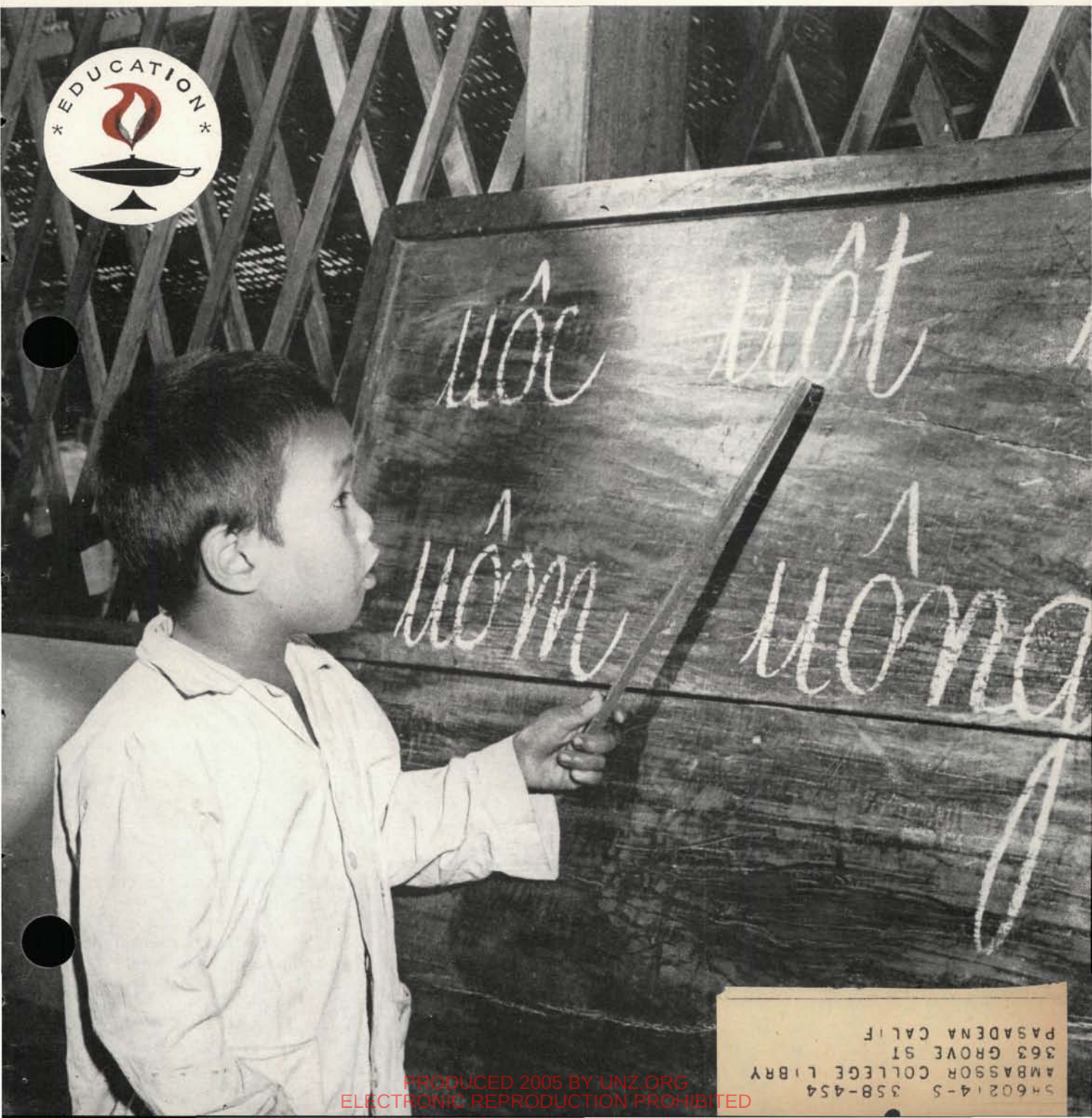
August 17, 1963 25¢

Education's Role in the Developing Nations

By Philip H. Coombs

American Schools Overseas

By Edward J. Meade, Jr.



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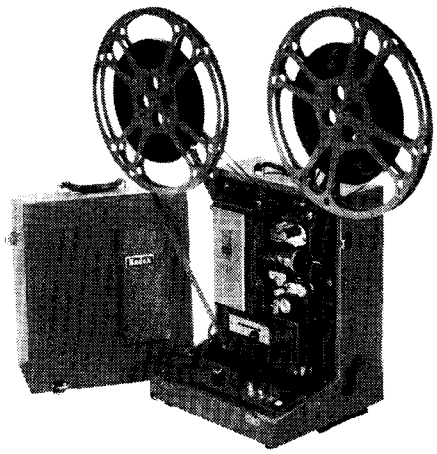

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(Advertisement)

Believe it or not, there are several temptations attached to the job of writing this column. One of them is discussing a book of short articles or stories: you can just print excerpts, instead of writing the column yourself.

Take for instance "The Love Everybody Crusade," by Arthur Hoppe. It is a book composed of brief newspaper columns. They are in fact, just about as long as *this* column. What a temptation.

I have resisted, but not because I can write better than Arthur Hoppe: he is a unique combination of reporter and humorist, a man who can write, say, about the Kennedy clan without either dislike or adulation. Hoppe likes the idea of the Kennedys; he likes it so much that he's made it into a soap opera, and this may well be where the Kennedy mystique belongs.

No, I have resisted because Arthur Hoppe's book should be read intact, because he is too funny to be subjected to the whims of another lazy columnist.

One of Mr. Hoppe's great concerns is people who want to take over the world. You may think such people are bewildered, and so they are. But Mr. Hoppe is well qualified to write about them, being at least twice as confused as they are.

In the present era, when any news is apt to be bad news, it's unusual to find a man who can eke amusement out of the front page. Arthur Hoppe can. Buy his book ("The Love Everybody Crusade"). Now.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

If your local bookseller (or any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 655 Fifth Avenue, New York City) has sold out of "The Love Everbody Crusade" ($3.95), denounce him to your nearest congressman: he needs the book just a little bit more than you do.

Saturday Review

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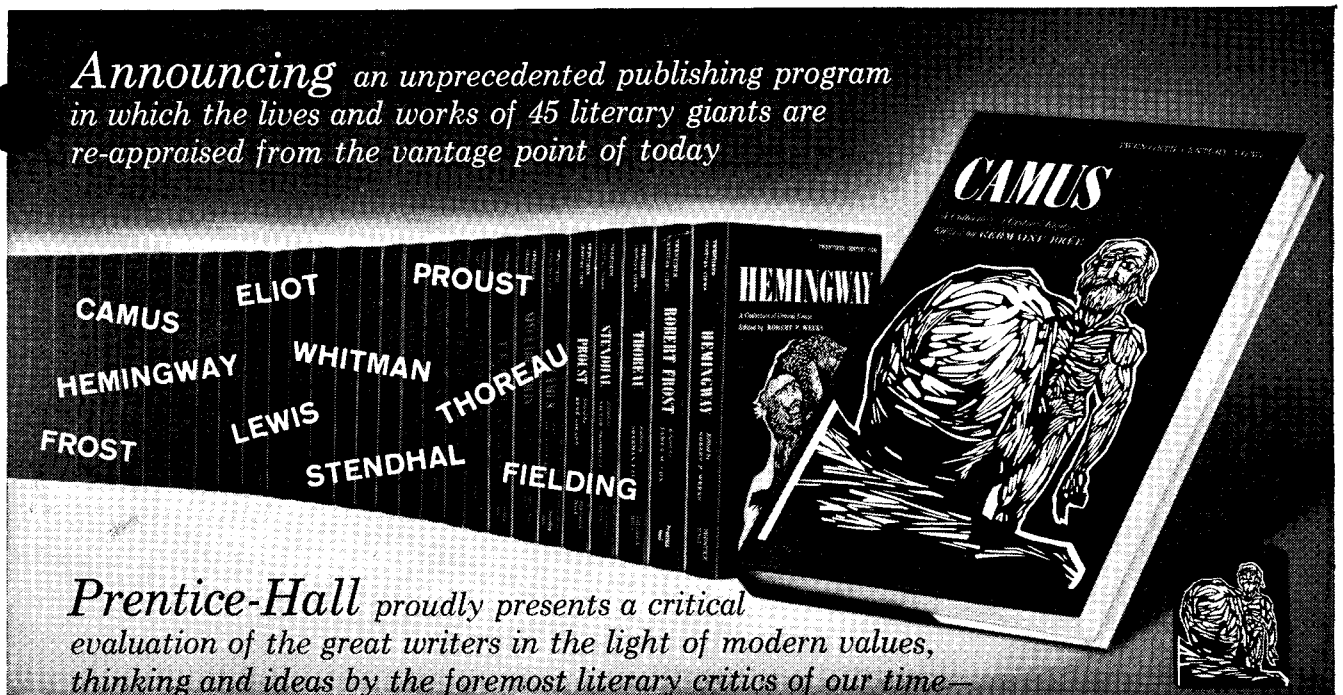

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Shanghai Gesture

Edited by Martin Levin

BIG DINNER, BAD MANNER

MY father, who is now nourishing his declining years with plain rice and skimpy pork fat, used to be a gourmet. His love for Chinese dishes notwithstanding, he was particularly fond of Western cuisine. A "big dinner" (Chinese synonym for a meal served in Occidental restaurants), whether consumed on his own or by the grace of his business associates, was an event that evoked yearning reminiscences, described in mouth-watering detail, with his envious children as a captive audience. He could go on for hours on end (especially after a meal at home not to his liking): German pig's feet ideal to go with rice wine, French chicken in wine superior to chicken in soy sauce, American T-bone steak at its best when cooked rare with bloody juiciness, and Yorkshire pudding definitely not a sweet dessert. In prewar China, Shanghai was full of international flavors, and my father frequented cosmopolitan restaurants like a true connoisseur.

The accounts of his gluttonous adventures, however, evoked little comprehension from his unsophisticated children. We were primarily interested in what he had had for dessert; but father cared little for fancy sweets and often forgot what had been "that colorful last course." When cross-examined, he would dismiss the topic by producing a huge Sunkist orange for us to divide. Mother thought his detailed menus unnecessary: Do you expect my children to touch bloody raw meat? Besides, why talk so much and torture the children? Take them out, at least for a dish of Russian soup.

In our vocabulary, "Russian soup" stood for "big dinner" in a Russian restaurant, of which there were many in the French section of the city. The cheapest item on the menu, a huge bowl of beef-cabbage-potato soup with an endless supply of black bread, could easily satisfy many a Chinese, who in truth merely wanted to get acquainted with tableware other than chopsticks in his desire to acquire Western sophistication. The price was reasonable, and since we were too many to take to the more expensive European restaurants, Mother's suggestion was one day taken up by Father.

There were five of us in all, Mother being left at home because she could not stand the smell of butter. Once in the restaurant, we were awed by the clinking of silver against plates and the white of waiters' uniforms. But most impressive of all was the heap of bread in the center of our table; before the soup was served, we had already consumed the first supply. Then Father decided to be extravagant and ordered in addition a dish of fried eggs, easy. He was anxious to instruct us on how to use fork and knife. "When you eat 'big dinner,'" he had often said during his reminiscing spells, "table manner is most important. You should never bite, always cut first."

The soup was easy because we all knew how to eat with a spoon. But when the two tender fried eggs flat on the plate were placed in front of Father, we were intent on knowing how he was to cut the eggs and scoop them into his mouth without spilling the yolk.

"The proper way to eat 'big dinner' fried eggs," Father announced in the tone of an earnest teacher, "is to never break the yolk and stain the plate. How? Swallow the yolk in whole. Spilling it is bad manner."

Then, watched admiringly by his children, he proceeded to cut the white edge off the yellow and, with a skilful maneuver of the fork, scooped the whole yolk into his mouth—simple and neat.

"Want to try?" he passed me the plate with the remaining egg. I naturally spilled the yolk—over my lips, my chin, the plate, and the tablecloth. This brought snickers from my brothers but only an indulgent smile from Father, who, after all, by my failure only proved that he was truly an experienced "big dinner" eater.

I have not since tried to eat fried eggs my father's way, although "big dinner" has long been part of my daily fare. What I really miss is my mother's home cooking (not to be confused with New York's Chinese cooking). But even if my mother were living today, she would find it hard, with the skimpy materials available now in China, to make a meal to my father's liking. Some time ago I read that the Russians, to relieve China of its food shortage, had sent mountains of caviar. (By mistake or by intention I don't know.) But I am inclined to doubt that Father would care for fish eggs. Too easy.

—TIMOTHY TUNG.

• • •

ON-THE-JOB TRAINING

(Being a substitute teacher's advice to neophyte substitute teachers facing the fall term.)

1. Wear low-heeled shoes. Otherwise you cannot sneak up on the kids.
2. The worst thing you can do is to get them laughing.
3. The right answer to any question beginning with "Our teacher lets us. . ." is "No."
4. You have to catch the first boy who leaves his seat, or all will leave their seats.
5. It won't do you much good to threaten to send boys to the office, because everybody knows that substitutes never send boys to the office.
6. It won't do any good to plan to have the biggest, naughtiest boy help you to organize games next day, because next day he will be absent.
7. It won't do any good to pick out a plump, sincere, helpful little girl to tell you if you are forming your letters right for a blackboard lesson, because the next day she will be absent.
8. It won't do any good to tell the backward pupil that he must do his work, because you know he can, and that you are going to help him, because that afternoon he will be absent.
9. It won't do any good to promise the children that they can color if they finish their work, because they will tell you that they don't *like* to color.
10. The worst thing you can do is to announce, "What do I have to do to get quiet in here—*scream*?" The next thing you hear will be everybody answering you with a great big scream.
11. Modern school buildings are soundproof, and when you ask the other teachers if they heard the noise, they will say, "What noise?"

—RUTH E. SCHULZ.

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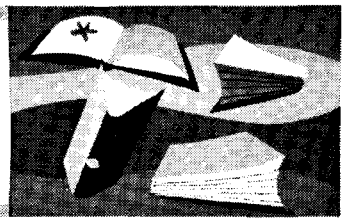
Trade Winds



TRAVEL IS BROADENING? I drove through these towns in Texas: Old Dime Box and North Zulch.

►In Bossier City, Louisiana, a sign at a coin laundry says, "White Only." Does that mean clothes or people?

►Air mail from the States to Mexico costs eight cents. But use an air mail stamp, not the regular eight-center. The latter has General Pershing's portrait on it.

►I haven't yet pinned down the facts on this, but I'm assured it's true. An American tourist was under the impression that traffic drives on the left in Mexico. He crossed the border at a lonely spot and went for several miles before he met an oncoming motorist. He swerved into the desert to avoid him. The motorist got to the border and reported a drunken American heading South.

►An Alabama filling station attendant looked at my Connecticut license plate and asked where we were from. "Norwalk," I replied. He gave me a funny look and said, "Down here we call it Newark."

►There is a very nice Tourist Information Center in Lexington, Kentucky. It is closed Saturdays, Sundays, and Holidays.

NEWS FROM THE glamorous world of publishing: Alfred A. Knopf writes (in his own newsletter) that he returned from lunch one day to find a message on his desk that he was to call Operator So-and-So in a distant city to speak to a person whose name was unfamiliar.

"A polite man," he says, "I did what was requested of me, to find myself speaking to the author of a manuscript which he thought worthy of publication, and which he wanted to read to me over the telephone."

Knopf recalls receiving another long distance call in which the stranger at the other end wanted to know the retail price of two Knopf books. This time it was from some federal agency in Washington. Why not ask a local bookseller or a librarian? Mr. K. wanted to know. Our orders are to go to the source, the bureaucrat explained.

FROM A LETTER that has been sent me I learn that Donald E. Barber of Washington, D.C., has written a 240-page manuscript entitled *Allegiance, Loyalty, and Patriotism*. He says:

"The principal dynamic theme throughout the book is to provide an inspirational and practical framework of knowledge and thought from which to more adequately understand and live patriotically in the world of today."

This is the kind of message we are desperately in need of in these times, and I am happy to report that Vantage Press of New York recognizes it, having offered Mr. Barber a publishing contract. All it will cost him is $3,975, for the first edition. Having spent four years working for the Republican Party and currently employed by the Department of Commerce, he is, like most authors, up against it. Thus the appeal to me and other loyal Americans:

"I would appreciate your direct financial investment in the publication of this book."

Well, I couldn't do that, but I could send him Mr. Knopf's telephone number.

REMEMBER MAINE. Cecil Holmes of Bowdoin College adds to the supply of yarns about down-Easters giving directions to out-of-staters. He says a tourist friend was on a back road last summer presumably heading for Bangor, when he encountered a highway sign pointing to the rear. He turned around, drove a few miles, found a pedestrian, and consulted him.

"Am I headed for Bangor?"

"Nope. It's back the way you came."

"But I just saw a sign pointing this way," the stranger said.

"They made the sign for *that* side of the road, but there was a rock ledge, so they put it on *this* side."

"Well, that's a big help to the driver!"

"Everybody knows where Bangor is," the villager told him.

A GENTLEMAN who doesn't wish his name revealed found the following communication on the seat of his small airplane parked at the Lakeland, Florida, airport:

"To whom it may consern. The motor vehicle dep is checking on all aircrafts that are used in Fla. I would appreshate if you would get a Fla tag on this plain at once if you don't have this plane or any other one at all please disregard this citation other wise get a Fla tag for the one you have. would you plese take cear of this at once. it would save me lots of trouble and wearry trying to contact each and every one in person, if you dont have any one at all would you pleas write on back of this citation of where this aircraft is and who baught it amd mail it to the nearest auto tag office, your trully, motor vehicle Dep of Polk co."

(Much more of this and there'll be a Webster's Fourth International on the presses.)

AFTER RECEIVING a dividend check in the amount of ten cents, Paul Barnett of Memphis thought he would have some fun with the First National Bank, he tells me. But he met his match. He awaited his turn and when he got to the teller's window he handed him the check, saying, "This is going to be the biggest transaction of the day for you."

The teller kept a straight face. He looked at the check, inspected the back of it for proper endorsement, and then asked Mr. Barnett,

"How do you want it?"

SHARPS AND FLATS: According to Harold D. Jones, this is what Macbeth said when Birnam Wood came to Dunsinane: "Cheese it, the copse!"

►The well-known advertising agency, Benton & Bowles, is also listed in the New York telephone directory as Bowles & Benton. What kind of image is that?

►Francis Brow of Milton, Massachusetts, says some French-speaking friends made a visit to New York. When he asked them if they had seen any shows, they replied, *"Mais oui, quelques choses."*

►H. L. Mencken said, "Injustice is relatively easy to bear; what stings is justice." —Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution to Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1531)

G. K. Chesterton:
ORTHODOXY

The one created thing which we cannot look at is the one thing in the light of which we look at everything. Like the sun at noonday, mysticism explains everything else by the blaze of its own victorious invisibility.

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By John F. Wharton

Is It Time for the Second Step?

A lawyer and close observer of international affairs looks beyond the test ban agreement to the even larger remaining tasks in the search for peace.

IT WAS T. S. Eliot who said that mankind cannot bear very much reality. Where world peace is concerned, it would seem that most modern men not only cannot bear to face realities, but indeed cannot even talk about them. Consider one point. At the core of the peace problem is one fact that history has drummed into the ears of all who care to listen: Sovereign peoples can be gripped by a war fever that will impel them into conflict, with the deadliest arms available, regardless of prior commitments; and no test bans, international guarantees, nonaggression treaties, or "terror deterrents" will stop them. In countless discussions of war and peace, essential questions such as these are sloughed over. So long as this situation exists, President Kennedy's "first step toward peace" will not be followed by a second step.

There is, however, one coherent group that has faced these problems unflinchingly. It is the group that consists of the proponents of world government. They have always asserted that the only techniques that can deal with this phase of the peace problem are those, developed by men over 6,000 years, known as government. Moreover, they declare, the full panoply of these techniques is needed, and possibly some new ones—not just a police force, not just a world court, but complete legislative, executive, and judicial machinery, with sufficient force to back up its decrees and decisions. This group has made, and is continuing to make, its position clear in countries spread over the globe, but in the excitement over the cold war they have lately been more and more ignored. Maybe it's time to talk to them some more. Certainly one outstanding figure of our times, Pope John XXIII, believed that time had come, as his encyclical *Pacem in Terris* made clear.

If we do renew discussion, we shall quickly run into a nest of new problems that will have to be faced and talked about. A government that can prevent war must have all the powers "necessary and proper" (as our Constitution puts it) for the purpose, and this assuredly means that its activities would have an impact on the daily lives of all of us. Therefore, a fundamental question presents itself: Which risks should be taken, the risks of CBR (Chemical, Biological, and Radiological) warfare, or the risks of the impact of world government on our lives. This in turn raises other questions. What powers are "necessary and proper"? How will people choose the officials to whom these powers will be entrusted? Are there potential officials alive who are worthy of such trust? What checks and balances can be applied to them? Can a Bill of Rights adequately protect individual liberties?

Above all, could there be a satisfactory "world government" even if some nations refused to join it?

Proponents of world government are far from agreement among themselves on such questions. Some feel that the type of government necessary is one that would inevitably have a truly frightening impact on men's daily lives; others talk as though peace-keeping were such a minor problem that the impact would be negligible. Clearly, what the proponents need—and are clamoring for—is the aid of the best brains in existence to analyze these problems and find solutions, possibly totally unexpected solutions, for them. But here again we encounter the pervasive refusal to face reality; no important political voice is raised to advocate a convention that might explore this possible road to peace. The Soviet Union, it is true, did call a World Congress on Peace and Disarmament, which 2,000 people attended and 4,000 observed; I was able to observe parts of it. But the subject of world government was carefully avoided.

As I reflected on the apathy [redacted] tered by attempts to face these [redacted] lems—even while the CBR arms race was obviously spreading to more and more nations—and as I recalled the platitudes of the Moscow congress, I could not help wondering whether man is biologically incapable of world government, whether there is something built into the human species that makes nationalism the ultimate form of organization of which man is capable.

Hitler's Handbook: By pure chance I suddenly found myself launched on an inquiry that bore directly on these questions. A friend told me an astonishing story about Adolf Hitler. Asked the source of his seemingly hypnotic power over masses of people, Hitler answered that he learned it from one book. The book was Gustave Le Bon's *La Psychologie des Foules*, translated into English as *The Crowd*. I had not heard of the book for fifty years, but I immediately purchased and reread it.

The Crowd, which was written in 1895 and translated into English not long afterward, has been called "perhaps the most influential book ever written on social psychology." It [redacted] masterly presentation of certain [redacted] logical conceptions that had been [redacted] veloping in the nineteenth century, including the notion of the subconscious mind and its power over us. The book was among the first to state forcefully

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the now accepted concept that the mental capacities of a crowd are usually lower than that of the individuals that compose it; that a crowd insists on finding a leader but frequently makes a very bad choice; that crowds cannot make intellectual judgments, but are swayed by emotions.

The book also stressed the frightening power a fanatical leader could exercise, for good or evil. The parts of the book that showed how fanatical leaders deal with crowds—their avoidance of rational arguments, their appeal to the emotions, their glorification of illusions and appeals to primal instincts—might well have been written by Hitler himself. Certainly I can imagine no better handbook for one who aspires to be a Hitler or Napoleon. It *could* be used, as Le Bon would have admitted, by one aspiring to be a new Messiah, for fanatical great and good leaders have, on rare occasions, appeared.

Le Bon is as contemptuous of "electoral crowds" as of any other. He tells a devastating story of a mob of voters stirred to war-fever pitch by a speaker who, in half an hour, used only the three words: "patriotism," "honor," and "nation"; everything else was gestures and sounds that only seemed like words. But the most important point Le Bon makes, for our purposes, concerns the crowd's demand for illusions. Throughout history, he declares, the masses of men and women have not only been incapable of intellectual achievement, but they have also insisted on living by illusions, to use that word in its strict sense of something for which, unlike the case of a delusion, there is no intellectual proof, but which might nonetheless prove true.

This distinction between illusion and delusion is extremely important here. A delusion is something, such as a mirage, that can be proved untrue. On the other hand, alchemy was an *illusion* in the Middle Ages; modern science has shown that it might be true. To an agnostic, for example, the most powerful and widespread illusion is the idea of personal immortality. The belief that one's own country will never wage anything but a just and righteous war runs a close second.

It is to those leaders who have promoted illusions, says Le Bon, that our statues and monuments are raised. While an illusion is popular, nothing can shake the grip of these illusion-makers on their followers. You must, he asserts, show the falsity of the illusion by some overpowering demonstration before this grip can be broken. He believed that such a demonstration must involve personal experience. (I am not convinced of this, as I shall show.)

As I reflected on the book, it struck me that this might afford an explanation, albeit a depressing one, of why many people seem to prefer the risks of CBR war to those of world government. Only a relative handful of people on the whole globe have had any experience with nuclear warfare, and that only to a very limited extent. On the other hand, for centuries the illusion has been fostered that "war is the crucible in which God tests the nations," that wars provide a glory in life, and that any devastation caused by wars can be repaired in a generation or so. Meanwhile, we have been deluged with advice to beware of "internationalists." In the face of all this, it should hardly be any surprise that the popular slogans are not those calling for peace, but those exhorting the listeners "to bury the capitalists" or "to destroy Communism"—direct appeals to primal emotions not susceptible of rational interpretation.

If Le Bon is correct in saying that people live by illusions until experience corrects their views, it would seem that there is no hope of avoiding CBR war, for only the actual experience will counteract the illusions that it will be glorious and that "it won't be too bad." He *does* hold out the slight hope of what one might call a "new Messiah"; he sees no limit to the power of a selfless man with strong convictions and possessed of prestige—for good as well as bad. But somehow, I felt, at this point, that if our *only* hope were a new Messiah, that would be a slender reed at this time in history. I shifted to another line of speculation.

But Is Le Bon Correct? Although group psychology is an extremely difficult and uncertain science, and has therefore not matched the strides of the physical sciences, a considerable number of brilliant minds have applied themselves to it. Among these was Sigmund Freud, who, in 1920, applied his genius to the problem in what, unhappily, turned out to be only a provisional inquiry. Freud said Le Bon's exposition of problems was masterly, but he argued that Le Bon offered no reasons *why* men acted as they did, and that he therefore solved none of the problems he presented. Freud thought (erroneously) that Le Bon dealt only with transient crowds, and he believed that Le Bon, despite his discussion of leadership, did not fully appreciate the force of the group leader. Freud thought the crowd sought not merely one of its own members as leader, but a sort of supernatural

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"herdsman"—a type of god. On the whole, Freud rather preferred the views of two other psychologists, Professor William McDougall and Dr. Wilfred Trotter.

Others have, of course, continued to write on the subject; a series of brilliant names could be listed. However, I believe that Le Bon, Freud, McDougall, and Trotter give, for the present purpose, a reasonably complete survey of the subject.

McDougall, in *The Group Mind*, said that Le Bon had concentrated too much on what he called "unorganized" groups, those held together by fairly loose bonds or for transient purposes. His opinion of these groups was as devastating as Le Bon's. Such a group, he said, behaves like an unruly child or an untutored savage in a strange situation. But McDougall asserts that it is possible to have a "highly organized" group with a higher collective mental life. He enumerates five "principal conditions."

The first and most fundamental is a continuity of existence for the *group;* the individuals may regularly change. Congress, Parliament, or any other great law-making body would seem to fit this description. His second condition is that each individual member must have some definite idea of the nature, composition, and functions of the group. Another condition is that the group should develop traditions, customs, and habits. Still another is that there should be a definite structure. Lastly, the group should be brought into rivalry with other groups; *it should have an enemy.*

McDougall asserts that if these conditions are fulfilled, the collective lowering of intellectual ability can be avoided by withdrawing intellectual tasks from the group and giving them instead to individual members or to small, workable groups. The history of great legislative bodies certainly supports him. But this optimistic view of group possibilities has one dark aspect in its emphasis on the need of an external enemy. One is reminded of Henri Bergson's theory that if a world morality came into being it would have to be different *in kind* from the morality of a closed society, which is always fearful of a rival's attack. If the theory is true, it raises a profound question. Granted that effective organized groups are possible; does this not insure war, if effective organization of such a group necessitates a rival enemy group? Wilfred Trotter denied such a *necessity,* but he saw different and even more frightening aspects of danger.

The Limitless Herd: Dr. Trotter was an English surgeon, biologist, teacher, and philosopher who lived in England from 1872 to 1939. Almost unknown today, he had a legendary fame among his contemporaries. I cannot think of any private citizen who was the recipient of more praise for his works and his character. It has been said that modern English surgery is what it is today largely because of Wilfred Trotter.

In *The Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War,* Trotter faced the question of the need for an enemy, and came up with the answer that man *could* make a global society, but probably would not be smart enough to do it. He began by assuming that all living animals are born with certain urges, called instincts or unconditioned reflexes. These instincts dominate the lower animals, but man, he said, because of his complex brain, responds to them in a variety of ways, including resistance to the i[redacted] urge. He listed, as three primary u[redacted] self-preservation, nutrition, and sex. He next asserted that certain multicellular organisms developed, in the course of evolution, a fourth equally strong urge —gregariousness. It is this that drives human beings to desire to be part of a "herd." He thus furnishes an answer to a question on which Le Bon and McDougall are unclear: *why* human beings form into groups.

Some remarkable results flow from this. For example, to be part of a herd, one must submit to the rules of the herd and obey its leader, and this is in direct conflict with individual narcissistic impulses. To resolve the conflict, the individual must develop the quality of "altruism," a feeling for the other members of the herd. When he does so, the urge for self-preservation becomes an urge to survive *as a member of the herd.* Hence an individual will readily face destruction if everyone in his "herd" is similarly threatened. Terror, therefore, ceases to be a deterrent, and war can easily follow.

But Trotter was more concerned with the dangers of a possible biological escape from war. He distinguis[redacted] three varieties of herd instinct. The first two are illustrated by the aggr[redacted] sive instinct of the wolf pack, and by the defensive instinct of herbivorous animals such as sheep. The third is illustrated by some curious aggressive-defensive models, of which the ant colony and the beehive are the prime examples.

In these cases one can almost say that the evolutionary organism is the colony or the hive. The bees, for example, are all virtually part of one body except that they have the power of free motion. It is as if our hands could run away from us, clutch something, bring it back, and then reattach themselves. Trotter thought this "hive-development" was an evolutionary tendency in gregarious, multicellular organisms, including human beings. People were, he thought, forming into groups that controlled the life of the individual more and more; such groups had become the evolutionary units and the largest of these was what we call a "nation." All evolutionary history indicates that, left to evolutionary forces, the nation *should* expand into the supranation. Nothing in evolutionary history indicated that an enemy [redacted] needed to bring about this expans[redacted]

But here a new danger arises. What becomes of the individuals forming such groups? Is each man destined to become a specialized form of life, aimlessly driven to perform his coglike

"This big raise makes me nervous. But don't get me wrong, I like being nervous!"

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function in a great machine? Is human happiness to be the happiness of the [illegible]r bees (who seem, by the way, [illegible]ably cheerful in their brief careers of drudgery)? This brings us to the crux of the matter.

There exists an evolutionary force trying to mold mankind into one vast beehive, in which each individual performs his little specialized function in order to keep the whole organism surviving. All through history, millions of men and women have accepted the equivalent of such roles; the tendency is no less—perhaps it is stronger—today. Millions pull levers hour by hour to produce a result they do not understand; other millions keep books of account, or feed mathematical material into mechanical brains that keep such books. But why go on? We all have faced the problem of excessive specialization. So far, however, no group of human beings has regressed to the point where it does these things *only* because of some inner urge; the directing force in their small personal affairs has been their reasoning power; in the larger phases, it has always been *other reasoning human beings*. As long as this remains true, as long as the inventive power within men is strong [illegible]gh to resist the evolutionary urges, [illegible]pecies need not be a slave to [illegible]olution.

Trotter's estimate of man's power to combat the blind forces of evolution was not entirely new. A century ago, Alfred Russel Wallace raised the question of whether the appearance of man's big brain did not interject a new principle into evolution. It indicated, he thought (to Darwin's horror), that the development of the brain might counteract the workings of natural selection. *This is exactly what Trotter says it can do, and must do, if mankind is to escape the fate of the beehive or the anthill.* But the developing brain must also control the inventive powers that enable it to resist stratification so as not to use those powers to create and use the means to destroy itself. This is the facet of the problem which, in the light of CBR arms, is overwhelmingly important today.

But will mankind do what it must do?

Trotter thought it highly unlikely. His final reflections were pessimistic:

> We see man . . . , with blind confidence in his destiny, unclouded faith [illegible] the essentially respectful attitude [illegible] the universe toward his moral codes, and a belief no less firm that his traditions and laws and institutions necessarily contain permanent qualities of reality. Living as he does in a world where, outside his race, no allowances are made for infirmity, and where figments of imagination, however beautiful, never become facts, it needs but little imagination to see how great are the probabilities that, after all, man will prove but one more of Nature's failures, ignominiously to be swept from her work-table to make way for another venture of her tireless curiosity and patience.

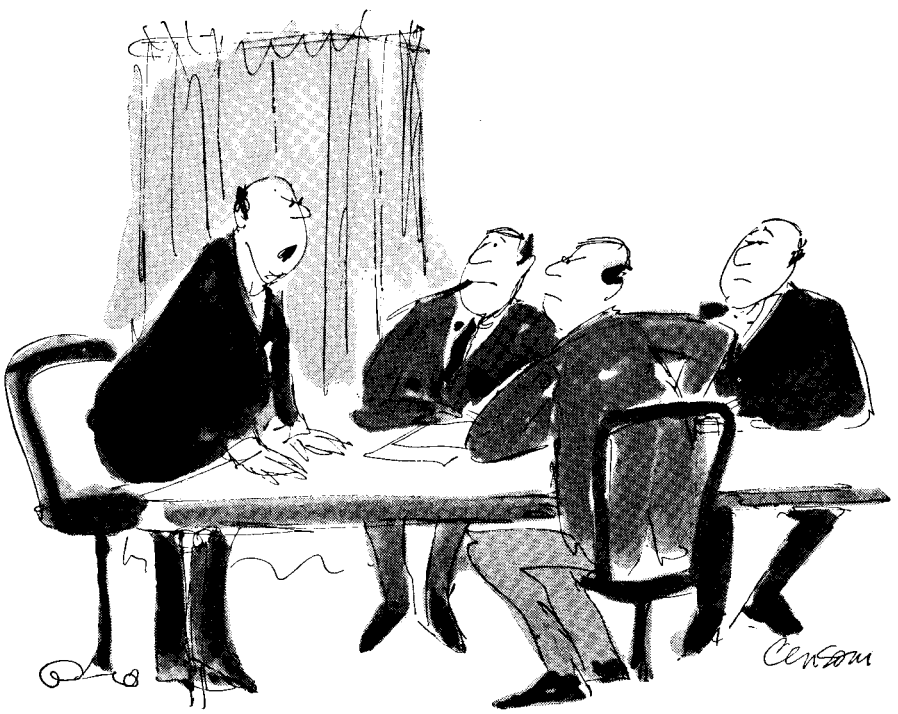
A Proposal for the Peacefully Minded: As one observes how "world leaders" talk disarmament, but actually extend, to one nation after another, the use of nuclear arms; how they prate about peace but set their policies by the theory of a "cold war"; how they talk about peace but insist on having their own way, and declare they will use nuclear arms to get it, one is tempted to agree with Trotter's pessimism and give up. Indeed, I felt at this point that I had come full circle back to Le Bon's contempt for the "electoral crowd" and to the one small hope of what I have called a new Messiah. On further reflection, however, I switched to Trotter's optimistic side. As soon as I said it can be done, I came to have faith in our ability to try to save ourselves. This faith stemmed largely from contemplation of man's insatiable curiosity and the aids that physical science has given to the task of obtaining collective wisdom.

Only the most stubborn-minded will deny that if a satisfactory world government could be created, it could give its subjects surcease from the threat of CBR war for an indefinite period. Admittedly, world government does not eliminate the possibility of civil war, but the rival factions would not necessarily obtain CBR arms. Moreover, the English government, for one example, has given its subjects surcease from *all* kinds of civil war for 300 years. Most of us would settle, today, for less than that.

Moreover, despite the pontifications of self-created omniscient prophets who tell their listeners that world government is impossible now, or ever, or at least for generations, one simple fact remains. Man has been astonishingly successful in doing whatever he has really wanted to do—always in the face of doomsters declaring it impossible. No one will or can *know* whether a satisfactory world government can be created until the collective wisdom of mankind tries its hand at dealing with the problem.

Sooner or later those two simple facts will permeate the minds of people all over. When these facts do penetrate, men and women throughout the world will—out of desire for peace and out of sheer curiosity—demand the convocation of a world convention. For such a convention could not possibly make conditions worse, no matter how inept it proved. Moreover, people will demand a convention similar to our own 1786 gathering—one committed to proposing some plan of world government for ratification, rejection, or amendment. (Otherwise, the result might be a torrent of platitudes such as came forth from the Moscow Con-

(*Continued on page* 55)



"You've been told your opinion, now *stick* to it!"

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The Surplus People

IN THE autumn of 1942, President Franklin Roosevelt set in motion an operation so secret that it was paid for out of unvouchered White House funds.

This operation, known as the "M" Project, had a majestic aim: its staff, led by anthropologist Henry Field, was ordered to survey all the world's thinly populated areas with an eye toward settling in them, during the postwar years, some 20,000,000 displaced persons.

When the "M" Project studies of Brazil, Australia, north Africa, Canada, and other areas began to arrive on his desk, FDR was jubilant. He saw in them the solution not only of the immediate refugee problem, but of all displaced-persons emergencies that might arise in future decades.

By the time the project came to an end in 1945, it had inspired the President to outline postwar plans that were, according to experts, grand but by no means grandiose.

"I want to make north Africa the granary of Europe," FDR told Dr. Field, "just as it was in Roman days. We can pump desalinated water from the Mediterranean for irrigation and build air-conditioned cities in the desert. Technicians will be recruited from among the displaced persons. . . . Although this will be expensive, it will be far better than the dole—just handing out billions for doing nothing."

This mood of determination and high hope was not, unfortunately, to survive Roosevelt's death: the "M" Project was quietly shelved till, in 1960, it was just as quietly declassified. Last year Dr. Field published privately a limited-edition account of the operation, under the title *"M" Project for F.D.R.: Studies on Migration and Settlement.*

If government projects could talk, the "M" Project, emerging into the Sixties after its long sleep on the classified shelves, would probably have uttered a sharp cry of dismay. For, so far from being settled, the refugee situations, as author Robert Kee has put it, "are today as much a permanent feature of our civilization as was, in the Middle Ages, the Plague."

Who can forget the pang of guilt and horror we all felt when last year 60,000 starving Chinese refugees, who had made their way safely to Hong Kong, had to be forced back across the border into Communist China because there were no facilities for them? Being creatures of our century, most of us managed to smother the pang of guilt by reflecting that these 60,000 refugees were, after all, only a small group as against the 1,250,000 Chinese refugees that Hong Kong has somehow absorbed since 1949.

But such "human arithmetic" can in the end afford us only cold comfort: for the fact is that more than 13,000,000 human beings, torn from their homelands, are today dragging out a marginal existence in alien countries.

Some of these refugee situations are familiar to Americans: the Palestinian Arabs in Jordan, the Tibetans in [redacted] the Indian refugees in Pakistan, anti-Castro Cubans in Florida.

Others are not so familiar: 200,000 Angolan refugees in the Congo, 30,000 Spanish republicans in France, 5,000 Turkic refugees in Iran. But familiar or not, the plight of these refugees is a reproach to an atomic-age world that has reached the highest general levels of material well-being in history.

Happily, individuals and organizations have risen to the challenge of the refugee tragedy. The International Rescue Committee, a private initiative, is now rounding out thirty years of brilliantly effective work with the refugee-victims of political oppression. Another effective private group, the U.S. Committee for Refugees, publishes a sprightly newsletter on the doings of the various refugee agencies, and often takes a direct hand in relief work.

An outstanding governmental group in the field is the office of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees. On the individual level, Senators Philip Hart and Kenneth Keating, and Representative John Lindsay, have a close, continuing concern for the refugee's plight.

Finally, by doing away with [redacted] antique racial presumptions that [redacted] dominated our immigration laws, President Kennedy in his recent legislative proposals has inaugurated a new, invigorating "melting pot" approach to the refugee dilemma.

STILL, all these eminently worthy initiatives seem somehow piecemeal, fragmentary, incomplete. There seems to be lacking a central, concerted determination to bring society's major resources to bear on the refugee problem.

Yet there are powerful reasons why we should develop such a determination. In spiritual terms, we would, in saving the refugees, be saving ourselves. In political terms, we would be heeding FDR's warning that "the discontented can and will cause trouble, serious trouble." And in cold economic terms we would be recognizing the fact that today's "surplus-refugee" problem only presages the day when we will have to deal with the huge, economically surplus population of "internal refugees" created by automation.

But the average man needs no special reasons for helping uprooted people: clearly, it is time for [redacted] world's leadership to dust off the [redacted] Project, or create its equivalent, and get on with the business of restoring 13,000,000 people to their rightful place in the human community.

—HALLOWELL BOWSER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

IN OUR STARS

SENATOR J. WILLIAM FULBRIGHT develops an "American Agenda" [*SR*, July 20] that is critical of the present national space commitments. Because of the Senator's many outstanding services, this criticism is serious but, I believe, mistaken.

I should like to recall that during the 1950s many leaders in politics, education, and industry had increasingly pessimistic views of the future of humanity, which appeared to be dominated by ever-increasing military requirements and threats. It was a future almost without rational hope. I felt then, as I feel now, that the space age was the most promising way out. True, this age was inaugurated by much fanfare and nonsense, impossibly optimistic forecast, and fringe projects. But nature enforces its laws and is cruel to imposters. Gradually a national program has emerged that is impressive and can elicit the enthusiasm of the best minds. Here American technology and science can find a noble field of creative work and deep understanding, an opportunity to see nature in its grand perspective and learn more about the conditions that created the sun, the planets, and life itself.

[illegible] is this all. It has put this country [illegible]mpetition with the Russians in a [illegible]in (engineering) in which it has traditionally considered itself strong; and it has done so without the poisoning effects of political dogmas. There is perhaps no better way than this kind of international collaboration and competition to de-emphasize the political prejudices that Senator Fulbright so justly deplores, no better way to cleanse society of the vulgarity he condemns and to bring about a new Age of Enlightenment to give a broader purpose and satisfaction to an educated public.

GERARD P. KUIPER, Director,
Lunar and Planetary Laboratory,
University of Arizona.

Tucson, Ariz.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

WE WERE VERY pleased to see such a thoughtful review of our recent book, *Who Needs People?* by Robert Cubbedge [*SR*, July 27]. May we point out, however, that the book is published by Robert B. Luce, Inc., and not by David McKay Company as the review stated.

CAROLYN ANTHONY,
Publicity Director,
Robert B. Luce, Inc.

New York, N.Y.

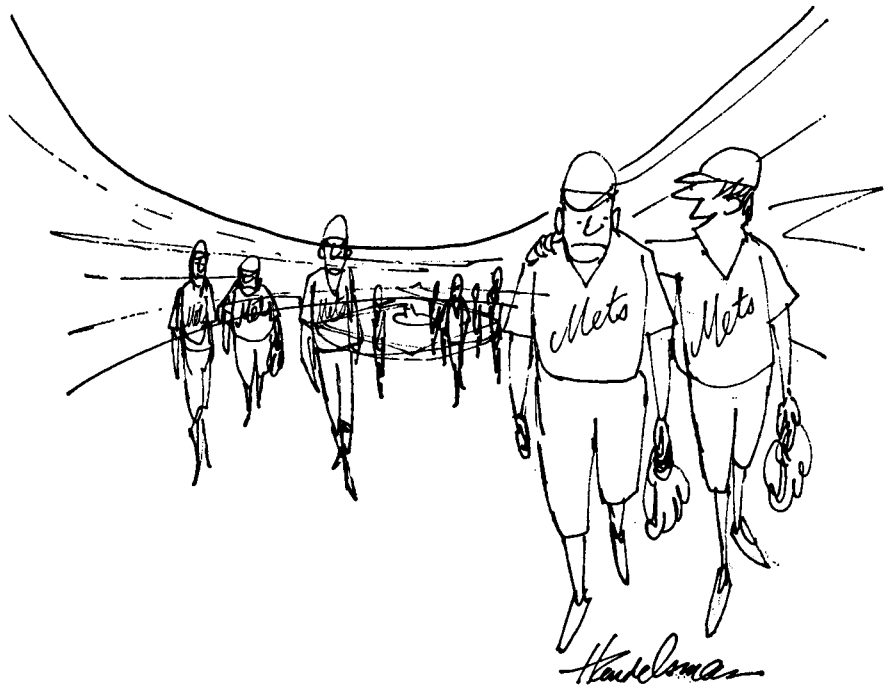
RECOMMENDED READING

[illegible]AN AMERICAN, who incidentally is Negro, I am particularly grateful for the information provided by Alice Dalgliesh concerning "good books" about Negro children and Negro life [*SR*, July 20]. It was especially gratifying to see references to the quality or effectiveness of the illustrations presented in some of the books.

I plan to speak to the school librarian about acquiring those books not already available. I will also use Miss Dalgliesh's suggestions in purchasing books for our family library.

MRS. L. PRICE SPRATLEN.

Bellingham, Wash.



"Don't feel bad about winning. You can't lose them all."

TOP TEN (Continued)

ONE OF YOUR READERS, Doris Barth, has asked you to suggest ten of the best contemporary novels for her to read [*SR*, July 20]. I find myself thinking of several rather extraordinary books which a sensitive reader (young or old) might be glad to have encountered. I should like to suggest Charles Williams's seven works, for all are strange, urgent, fascinating—and, to this reader, unforgettable. For this inquirer I suggest three: the archetypal and depth-stirring *The Place of the Lion*, the amusing and skin-tingling *War in Heaven*, and *Descent Into Hell*, which I think has more spiritual content than any modern novel I have read. Williams, while holding fast to "reality" and science, dares to skin-dive into the extrasensory and metaphysical at a moment's notice—and gets by with it. You believe; and you hang on, reading through the night usually; and then you are haunted for weeks. A strangely truthful book about two young girls (identical twins) is called *Cassandra at the Wedding*, written by Dorothy Baker. When reviewed it was widely misunderstood and twisted out of all semblance to the real book. I think it is the best bit of fiction ever done on girls. I'd like also to suggest John Griffin's *Nuni*, which is a rather wonderful book. Another I'd like to suggest is not fiction—unless all autobiography is fiction, which I think may be so—but it is extraordinary: Isak Dinesen's *Out of Africa*. It is not in print; let us hope libraries still have copies.

LILLIAN SMITH.

Clayton, Ga.

William Styron: *Set This House on Fire*
William Maxwell: *The Chateau*
Vance Bourjaily: *The Violated*
James Baldwin: *Another Country*
Wright Morris: *The Field of Vision*
Truman Capote: *Breakfast at Tiffany's*
Iris Murdoch: *An Unofficial Rose*
Dawn Powell: *The Golden Spur*
James Hanley: *Say Nothing*
James Purdy: *The Nephew*

FRANK J. CORDERO.

Chicago, Ill.

Saul Bellow: *The Adventures of Augie March*
Ralph Ellison: *The Invisible Man*
John Updike: *The Poorhouse Fair*
James Agee: *A Death in the Family*
Ernest Hemingway: *The Old Man and the Sea*
Katherine Anne Porter: *Ship of Fools*
John Knowles: *A Separate Peace*
Reynolds Price: *A Long and Happy Life*
Anthony Powell: *A Dance to the Music of Time*
James Baldwin: *Go Tell It on the Mountain*

RAE SANDBERG.

Philadelphia, Pa.

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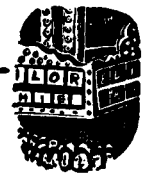

Boys Will Be Boys

A HEAVY blow to the sacrosanct profession of writing screen adaptations of novels has been struck by Peter Brook and Lewis Allen, director and producer respectively of *Lord of the Flies*. They disregarded the basic premise upon which much of the movie industry has been built: that novels, to be made into movies, must go through a long and expensive refining process. First comes an outline, then a "treatment," followed by a "first-draft" screenplay and a "final" screenplay. Most of the time the writer or writers doing the job are kicked out with full pay, and a new crew is brought in. Any producer who is a producer knows that this is the way a novel is made into a movie. But not, presumably, Lewis Allen. He gave *Lord of the Flies*, a novel by William Golding that has supplanted *Catcher in the Rye* as the current collegiate favorite, to Peter Brook, who, it is reported, simply used the book in lieu of a script. He even handed paperback copies around to the dozens of kids who make up the cast of this macabre boys-town on a tropical island. They read it to get into the right mood.

What seems to have happened, actually, is that Brook made a freehand adaptation as he went along, finding in film what the author had visualized in words. A small island in the Virgin Islands group was taken over by the company, and forty nonprofessional schoolboys were painstakingly transformed into little savages. The movie that results is obviously about as close a carbon copy of Mr. Golding's tale (and thesis) as can be gotten. An atomic war has struck the British Isles, the children are evacuated, and the group we meet on the beach are some typical schoolboys who have crash-landed in their plane and survived. The adults are dead. This leaves the boys free to organize their own island society, and soon enough the forces of what we might call civilization and of savagery assert themselves in a struggle for power. Directing and all but winning the struggle is a nameless, unreasoning element in the nature of the boys that lead toward corruption and decay, symbolized by the head of a pig stuck on a pole, around which the flies gather.

The movie becomes at times a frightening, eerie experience, but it doesn't reach the level of power and forcefulness obtained by the novel. This may be due to the director having been forced into improvisations that don't always work, although there is one spontaneous moment that is quite delicious: a small boy, Piggy, tells The True Story of Camberly, his home. Perhaps a script was necessary, after all, one that would have gathered together Mr. Golding's meanings and translated them into lucid cinematic art. The opportunity for something really wonderful was there. We don't quite get it in this version of *Lord of the Flies*, even though it's far above the general run.

The Sound of Trumpets is the American title for *Il Posto*, an Italian film preceded here by many favorable reports from those who saw it at film festivals abroad. It turns out to be worth its prizes, and you may put Ermanno Olmi on the expanding list of good Italian directors. Olmi, who is only thirty-two, has also used nonprofessionals to tell his story of a teen-age boy (Sandro Panzeri) who must pass a series of examinations in order to get a job with a large company in Milan. If he gets the job he'll be secure and settled into a routine for the rest of his life, and it is through his eyes that we come to see a dreary new Italian industrial world developing.

The boy, nonprofessional or not, is remarkably adept at suggesting [redacted] resigned disillusionment with he meets each aspect of his new [redacted]. He is not a protester, but does what his parents want him to do, and accepts what the company is willing to dispense to him in the way of work and a "career." His shyness is affecting, and his disappointments, hardly expressed except for a downward droop of the eyes, are minor heartbreaks. One of these disappointments has to do with a pretty little girl, who takes the same series of exams and might represent his first romance. But she doesn't. The company is always in the way, and besides, nice as he is, he just has to face the fact that he's not much in her eyes.

IT'S all very real, very small, very true, and Mr. Olmi seems to have a horror of introducing the slightest false note. There's a dreadful New Year's party given by the company, in which every terrible note of enforced gaiety rings true. There's a scene showing the boy spending his first paycheck on a raincoat that he thinks the girl (Loredana Dotto) will approve of; there are glimpses of older workers trying to find senses of self-impor[redacted] in their anonymous world of the [redacted] pany. The scenario is Olmi's own; it may embody a distressing, depressing view of the new Italian prosperity, but it also shows him to have a tender, compassionate heart.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I don't care if it *is* a rug from Cleopatra. If it's for Caesar, take it around to the trade entrance."

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Fiction Brief of a Law Factory

DURING the past sixteen years Louis Auchincloss has published twelve books, most of them fiction. This is not a bad record in itself, and it is the more impressive because during this entire period Auchincloss has been a practicing lawyer with a Wall Street firm. Law, according to a statement by his publisher, "is still a nine to five job with him, while fiction writing is a five and after [illegible]." He makes good use of his leisure hours.

He also, it is clear, makes good use of his business hours as a source of material. He knows the people who work in downtown New York, how they make their money and how they spend it. He is, indeed, an authority on whatever survives as an upper class in America, and he is one of the few contemporary writers who can be described as a novelist of manners.

In the twelve stories that make up *Powers of Attorney* (Houghton Mifflin, $4.50) Auchincloss has drawn directly on his legal experience. At least one character in every story is connected with the firm of Tower, Tilney & Webb. This firm, with seventy lawyers and a staff of over 100, occupies "two great gleaming floors in a new glass cube at 65 Wall Street, with modern paintings and a marble spiral staircase and a reception hall paneled in white and gold." Clitus Tilney, the senior partner, knows that the firm is sometimes described as a "law factory," but he does not mind, for he is convinced of the value of efficiency. He is not only "the finest security lawyer in New York"; he is a remarkably competent administrator. His influence makes itself felt in several of the stories.

Some of the stories have only a slight connection with Tower, Tilney & Webb. In "The Single Reader," for instance, a somewhat Jamesian story about a man who keeps a diary, the protagonist is one of the partners, but he could be anyone. Again, in "The Ambassador from Wall Street," the central figure is an old lady who dominates the social life of a Maine island resort. Her lawyer, who brings the story to a climax, is the Webb of Tower, Tilney & Webb, but there is no necessary connection.

On the other hand, the office is the background of several of the stories, and several hinge on details of legal strategy. In the first story, "Power in Trust," Clitus Tilney is matched against Francis Hyde, a partner whom he has always found barely tolerable and whom he now resolves to force out of the firm. It is by way of an ingenious device that Tilney wins the battle. In "The Power of Appointment" an old-timer, who distrusts himself and has all his life been afraid of making a fatal error, does blunder, but his mistake has no serious consequences, and he realizes that all the time he has been only a figurehead.

Office politics on a lower level is the theme of "The Revenges of Mrs. Abercrombie." A veteran secretary with a privileged position, Mrs. A. is demoted in the last year before her retirement. Learning that she is to be given a present at the Christmas party, she prepares a speech that criticizes by implication the firm and especially Clitus Tilney. The speech, however, becomes a fiasco when she has an attack of hiccups, and what happens thereafter changes her mind about Tilney.

Auchincloss describes his characters sharply. Here, for instance, is Waldron P. Webb, the firm's principal trial lawyer:

> Litigation, indeed, was more than Webb's profession; it was his catharsis. He was one of those unhappy men who always wake up angry. He was angered by the sparrows outside his bedroom window in Bronxville, by the migraines of his long-suffering wife, by the socialism in the newspaper, the slowness of the subway, the wait for the elevator, the too casual greeting of the receptionist. It was only the great morning pile on his desk of motions, attachments, injunctions that restored his calm. Sitting back in his red plush armchair under the dark lithograph of

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an orating Daniel Webster, facing his secretary and two chief law clerks, he would open the day with a rattling dictation of letters and memoranda. Gradually, as he talked and telephoned, as he stamped again and again on the hydra-headed serpent of presumption that daily struck anew at his clients with the forked tongues of legal subterfuge, as he defeated motion with countermotion, question with accusation, commitment with revocation, the earlier irritations of the morning subsided, the Santa Claus began to predominate over the Scrooge, and Waldron P. Webb assumed his midday look of benevolent, if rather formidable cheer.

This is the introduction to a comic, or at any rate ironic, story about divorce. There is much variety in the stories. "The Mavericks" is a complicated story about a casual affair and a great romance. "The Deductible Yacht," on the other hand, relates a simple tale about an income tax lawyer who is stricken by conscience. The last story tells how Clitus Tilney is offered the presidency of his alma mater, and is tempted, for he sees this as a noble way of rounding out his career. He is surprised by his wife's opposition, but in time he comes to recognize her wisdom.

Auchincloss entitled a collection of his essays *Reflections of a Jacobite*, and it is true that he is something of a conservative, in the sense that he accepts the world as he finds it, believing that, though it has its evils, any change would probably be for the worse. He has the kind of irony that often accompanies a mild conservatism. In the last story, for instance, Tilney is naïvely pleased by the offer of the college presidency until he learns why the offer was made. In "Deductible Yacht," the young income tax lawyer who makes a gallant gesture accomplishes absolutely nothing by it. In "The 'True Story' of Lavinia Todd," Chambers Todd decides that he does not want a divorce after his wife's account of the failure of their marriage has made her famous.

Always one has the feeling that Auchincloss knows what he is talking about. He is careful not to bury his readers under heaps of legal terminology; he never shows off; but he does use his knowledge of the law to good effect. The little world of Tower, Tilney & Webb seems real and alive, and full of what Hardy called "life's little ironies." Auchincloss is perhaps not so good a short story writer as he is a novelist, but he can tell an effective and engaging tale.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

REFLECTIONS

O Say! Can't We See?

***Social Astonishments,** by David Cort (Macmillan. 280 pp. $4.95), a cinemascopic coverage of American life, studies the significance of, among other things, telephones and dogs. Charles Shapiro wrote "Theodore Dreiser: Our Bitter Patriot."*

By CHARLES SHAPIRO

THE DAILY cornball hodgepodge dished up for our consumption by such admired newspaper columnists as Harry Golden, Robert Ruark, and Inez Robb too often passes as social commentary. What is more frightening, for too many Americans these journalists and their numerous counterparts provide the only available critical examination of the realities of our current lives and cultures. Those few papers that try to fill our increasing need for acute, intelligent observations about the meanings of current trends and events are handicapped by the ugly fact that their men can't write; one need only read the byliners in, say, the New York *Times* or *Herald-Tribune* to realize that our little old white-haired high-school English teacher had a point when she yelled at us about form and content being inseparable.

The most penetrating criticism of ourselves seems to come from, of all places, the comics. "Freddy" and "Peanuts," "Pogo" and "Li'l Abner," and Feiffer and Herblock almost prove the truth of the bromide that a picture is worth a thousand words. Which, of course, is true only if you have splendid artists and less talented writers; for there are aspects of our lives, humorous though they might seem, that can't be reduced to cartoons.

There are, fortunately, exceptions, most of which are found in weeklies. Murray Kempton, for one; and, for another, the neglected but consistently clever and penetrating David Cort, whose essayettes (appearing in such diversified magazines as *The Nation*, *New Republic*, *Monocle*, and *Perspective*) should, by all rights, be gracing the editorial pages of our dailies.

His cinemascopic coverage of America in *Social Astonishments* ranges from observations on Jack Paar's tears to a report on UNICEF Christmas cards,

—*George Czerna.*

David Cort—"smorgasbord of facts."

from a discussion of *The New Yorker* to comments on *Life*, from a study of zoos to a look at crossword puzz[les]. We learn about the flying saucer [craze], "Women and Power," and "Cigarettes, Cancer, and the Campus." And there is an especially wonderful examination of a popular, modern sex manual.

Cort constantly peppers us with information, but as a gifted writer he makes his smorgasbord of facts and figures entertaining and revealing. He lets us know in "Dont Call Me: The Telephone" that the United States possesses 75,000,000 phones, over half the world total; that only thirty years ago we had but 20,000,000, and he goes on from there to explore what this can mean for us.

Or consider "People and Dogs," a dissection of our mania for dogs and dog shows. "More demonstrated love is undoubtedly shown to the 26,000,000 dogs in the United States today than to any other single group, including babies and male singers. Since each dog has successful relations with several people, it will be seen that the dog contributes the principal social cement holding America together."

At the risk of offending Cleveland Amory, Pegeen Fitzgerald, and the ladies at Schrafft's, Cort observes th[at] there is an "amazing" theory that m[an's] first sense of property rights ca[me] when he felt he "owned" a dog. "The love of a dog, to revise the famous saying, is the last resort of scoundrels. The leadership idea is very strong among dog-lovers." Cort looks at the

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strange doings of the Westminster Show and a group known as The American Kennel Club, and comes to the conclusion that a society's attitude toward the dog tells us a good deal:

> . . . . . The dog is even adaptable, as the horrors accepted by Pavlov's dogs prove, to a Communist society. The dog, in a way that not even Jonathan Swift would have dared, satirizes any society it finds itself in, by its simple love and acceptance. The plastic dog, asked to freeze into aristocratic non-plasticity at the Westminster Show, satirizes the reputable principle of aristocracy. The dog does not especially want to be aristocratic; the mongrel people on hand do. The dogs and the people make two different travesties on aristocracy, both unintentional. The dogs are wonderfully plastic, but not quite as plastic as humans.

While many of Cort's essays are light and easy to take, he can also hit us hard if needed, such as in a fine piece on our prisons and one on modern police society. He obviously cuts a wide swath; but America, after all, is a many-splendored thing.

The book's remarkable title, by the way, comes from an interview with a bank robber. Cort was interested in observing the changes in that profession. The old generation, apparently, were outsiders, but the new crop sees itself as the same as the other people "who haven't yet been tempted or caught." One of the old-timers, reflecting on his past, observed, "I've often thought that I would have made a great leader, with the ingenuity to introduce social astonishments as outrageous and fantastic as any conceived by great rulers."

Non-Aligned Allegiance of Art

Chekhov, Stendhal, and Other Essays, *by Ilya Ehrenburg, translated by Yvonne Kapp, Anna Bostock, and Tatiana Shebunina (Knopf. 291 pp. $5.95), attempts to re-educate Russian youth to their country's community of culture with the rest of Europe. James Gray, an essayist and literary critic, is author of "On Second Thought."*

By JAMES GRAY

ILYA EHRENBURG, "the leading critic of Soviet cultural standards," as he is identified by his American publisher, sets forth in this new book his ideas of the uses of art. Because Khrushchev himself has so recently addressed his people on the same theme and because his strictures against American influence have been so severe, the timing of these utterances seems to have special significance.

But Ehrenburg's point of view proves to be surprising. He launches not missiles of challenge but a rather placid plea for cultural and ideological coexistence. His essays reveal a delight in widely varying aspects of French culture. He feels "profound gratitude" for the imaginative richness brought to his experience by each of the members of the Impressionist school. He acknowledges that he has learned important "Lessons of Stendhal" and, in praising the novelist with great fraternal warmth, dares to agree with Chekhov that the spirit of such an artist should not be questioned as to its integrity. He quotes with approval the dictum "You can deceive in love, in politics and in medicine, you can deceive people and God himself—there have been cases of that too—but you cannot deceive in art."

Most startling of all for its political implications is Ehrenburg's endorsement of a statement from the credo of Montesquieu, one that contains a deeply moving admonition for the modern world: "If I knew of something that was beneficial to me but harmful to my family, I should set it aside. If I knew of something that was beneficial to me but not to my country I should try to forget it. If I knew of something beneficial to my country but dangerous to Europe or something beneficial to Europe but dangerous for humankind I should reject it as a crime."

In his introduction to this book Harrison Salisbury says that Ehrenburg has set himself the task of re-educating Russian youth. He is determined to "orient the whole Stalin-begotten younger generation of his country to Russia's community of thought, spirit, and culture with the rest of Europe. . . ." He is "attacking on the broadest front the ingrained tendency of Soviet arbiters of thought to set up political criteria for the acceptance or rejection of writers or painters."

Only in one corner of the arena of discussion does Ehrenburg edge toward the dogmatic, defensive position taken by official guardians of the morals of Soviet artists:

> I feel no resentment when I am sometimes rebuked abroad for partisanship. Partisanship is a passion, and without passion there can be no art. Art cannot be divorced from life. I have long since chosen my place, which is among those who value work, justice, and fraternity. In saying this, what I have in mind is, of course, not conformity but integrity, not loyalty to a shibboleth but loyalty to ideas, not subservience but service.

His reconsiderations of some great figures of the recent past, and his estimates of certain Communist artists, are chatty, allusive, full of personal references, crowded with apt quotations, and almost entirely devoid of original interpretation. Ehrenburg's judgments are as banal as they are bland. His comments on technique dabble, almost playfully, in the shallows of criticism. The discursive style suggests that of an improvised classroom discussion intended to catch the attention of bright students in a secondary school.

Say, then, that we have been permitted to eavesdrop on a private lesson. Important as the effort may be, it is no more stimulating than such experiences usually are.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1045

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1045 will be found in the next issue.

ABCD EBF EDGF HIDJF

BFGHJBKA AIBLMN OJOOMD,

PJMM KBH MDH HIDC ACJMD.

HIBCGA ELMMDF

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1044

The worst cliques are those which consist of one man.

—SHAW.

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Notes of a Noble Anarchist

To Hell with Culture, *by Herbert Read (Schocken Books. 193 pp. $4.95), and* ***The Contrary Experience: Autobiographies,*** *by Herbert Read (Horizon. 356 pp. $6.50), discusss art and politics, culture and society. John Simon wrote the essay collection, "Acid Test."*

By JOHN SIMON

THERE are few critics now writing whose personality and general orientation are as likable as Sir Herbert Read's, whose aims for mankind and art are as generous, whose tastes are as catholic, and whose spirit is so kindly. With Read the humanist it is almost impossible to have a quarrel; but Read the thinker and man of letters leaves, regrettably, much to be desired. There is about his political and cultural thought something hopelessly vague and fuzzy, if not downright contradictory, and though his artistic judgments are always worthy of being listened to, their expression is not such as would command our attention, let alone our intense involvement. Nevertheless, whenever Read speaks merely as a man about the everyday life in nature —and whenever he speaks in his sometimes genuinely poetic prose, rather than in his always prosy poetry—he is a writer rich in what I would call a manly, and gentlemanly grace.

Two new books (actually revisions and expansions of previous ones) by Herbert Read exhibit perfectly the splendors and miseries of his work. *To Hell with Culture* is a collection of essays on art and politics, on culture and society; *The Contrary Experience* is a series of autobiographies: reminiscences of childhood, wartime diaries, a review of the stages of the author's intellectual development, reflections in advanced age about the world and life. Characteristically, most of *To Hell with Culture* is well-intentioned, high-minded, rambling, and woolly, although the occasional pointed and lively observation is not missing; and much of *The Contrary Experience* is direct, well-observed, authoritative in its unaffected individuality and candor—but, again, there is not a little philosophizing and "higher criticism" as flat as the paper it is printed on.

A typical observation in *To Hell with Culture* contends that if only the millions who read *Lady Chatterley's Lover* would read Lawrence's theoretical and speculative writings, "there might be some hope of a change of mind and heart that would lead eventually to a new . . . structure of society" including a new education and the end of perversions, juvenile delinquency, and aggression. This is a pious sentiment, but what does it mean? How would one go about getting people by the million to read a work entitled *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*? By putting cultural pressure on them? No. Read insists, correctly, that culture cannot be imposed from the top. By making such works part of the secondary-school curriculum? Not very likely to happen. And would the reading of *Fantasia of the Unconscious* really prevent even a single aberration, a single act of brutality? Ah, it will be countered, Read is merely suggesting "there might be some hope of a change." Well, if that is all, it is saying that if people would only read good books, things might get better all over.

Sir Herbert writes: "It is not until art expresses the immediate hopes and aspirations of humanity that it acquires its social relevance." Had he written "relevance" without qualifying it with "social," this would have been a bold statement; it would also have been untrue. Once qualified, however, it is more than true: it is a truism. Certainly when art concerns itself with social issues it will become socially relevant.

IT is in the broadest sense that Read's outlook is noble and impractical. True, we cannot have culture imposed on us; but left to our own devices will we ever acquire it? True, it is no good teaching children to love beautiful things while the cities they live in are ugly. But how will cities become more beautiful? By themselves? Obviously not. By legislation? Law, to Read, is merely "an expression of want," and he is against it. Sir Herbert is a self-styled anarchist who believes in absolute freedom for the individual (democracy, or what we choose to call democracy, is still tyranny); he is also for the greatest degree of social responsibility with a bare minimum of government, preferably regional. His political philosophy is reducible to Schopenhauer's parable of the porcupines that were freezing in winter until they huddled together, only to be pricking one another sore. The solution was to find the distance at which the maximum warmth and the minimum pricking could be had. But unfortunately for Read—and for humanity—not every porcupine has equally sensitive skin or equally long quills. He is also confused in his basic view of man: instinctive, automatic action is the only good sort, yet men's minds must be changed by "education through art," which is no longer an automatic action but, obviously, imposed and, equally obviously, not congenial to all. Contradiction is in fact embodied in Sir Herbert's very being: can one really be an anarchist and a Knight of the British Empire?

To Hell with Culture and *The Contrary Experience* are flooded with approving quotations, tributes, and statements of indebtedness to countless writers, philosophers, and mystics. With so many allegiances, small wonder that Read has little room left for any originality. Furthermore, if there is anything more tiresome than reading a commonplace book, it is being told continually that a thought cannot be developed here "because I have treated it at length elsewhere" and being immediately referred to one of a score of Sir Herbert's other books. For Read is as much of a polygrapher as a polymorph. Little in his large output is not readily traceable to Freud, Jung, Marx, Kropotkin, Bergson, Ruskin, Nietzsche, Lao Tzu, and a hundred mutually contradictory others—most of all, perhaps, William Morris.

There are, however, honorable exceptions in this *oeuvre,* such as the charming romance, *The Green Child,* and all those parts of *The Contrary Experience* that evoke either an early childhood on a Yorkshire farm, or the daily life of a courageous intellectual caught in trench warfare, or the rambles through nature of an elderly man who has lovingly returned to the scenes of his earliest days. In *To Hell with Culture* there is only one wholly successful piece, a highly cogent reply to C. P. Snow's cultural doubletalk. Nevertheless *The Contrary Experience* abounds in writing such as this: "The echoes of my life which I find in my early childhood are too many to be dismissed as vain coincidences; but it is perhaps my conscious life which is the echo, the only real experiences in life being those lived with a virgin sensibility—so that we only hear a tune once, only see a color once, see, hear, touch, taste and smell everything but once, the first time." In these passages Sir Herbert quietly achieves a modest, minor sublimity.

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An Exciting Ride in the Van

Self Portrait, *by Man Ray (Atlantic-Little, Brown. 398 pp. $7.95), recalls the gregarious painter-photographer's life as cubist-dadaist in New York and dadaist-surrealist in Paris. Robert Goldwater teaches the history of modern art at New York University's Institute of Fine Arts.*

By ROBERT GOLDWATER

MAN RAY is one of the legendary figures of modern art. He is known for the handsome photographs he produced with a direct-print method he was luckily able to call Rayographs, and for his portraits. His nail-studded iron, *The Gift,* presented to Eric Satie, is one of the classics of dada nonsense; and his painting of a pair of enormous lips floating in the Paris sky, *The Lovers—Observatory Time,* is his signature as a surrealist. Since about 1912 Man Ray has been a good friend of important painters and sculptors, and the casual companion of many more; and he has had the photographing acquaintance of a procession of name figures in the worlds of art, literature, and fashion. He was a cubist-dadaist in New York and a dadaist-surrealist in Paris. He made his own movies there in the Twenties, and lived on the edge of Hollywood, without making movies, in the Forties. He has had two wives and several mistresses, including Kiki, the famous Montparnasse model.

Arthur Jerome Eddy bought a group of paintings out of Man Ray's first one-man show at the Daniel Gallery in 1915. Even before that he had met Orrick Johns and Peggy Bacon, Alfred Kreymborg and William Carlos Williams, and Walter Arensberg. More especially he had met Marcel Duchamp, who became and still is his great friend. Duchamp was his guide to New York dada and, on Bastille Day, 1921, took him straight from the Gare St. Lazare into the arms of Paris dada in Neuilly. (This is almost the only exact date in a history largely left imprecise; Montparnasse and the artist's came a bit later.) At the exhibition recently arranged for him, the one at which on the spur of the moment he made *The Gift,* Ray sold no pictures. But in New York he had learned photography in order to record his own paintings, and he now employed this skill so that he might eat. He began with other artists' works (those of Picabia, Picasso, and Braque, among others), and went on to do their portraits. From Picabia came an introduction to Paul Poiret, then at the height of his success, and fashion photography. One person led to another, over two decades, and before he was driven out by the German invasion in 1940 Man Ray had met and photographed everyone. Since 1951 he has been back in Paris, and—photography done with—back to painting and making objects that are certainly not meant to be destroyed.

In his *Self Portrait* Man Ray tells of these events and of all the famous people he met. Curiously, he somehow tells us very little more. Jacques Rigaut, one of his surrealist friends, committed suicide. "He left no explanation" is Man Ray's single sentence. He describes how he fled Europe in 1940, but there is no backward glance to an occupied France or the mistress he had left there.

There is a sentence that, added to his obvious energy and good humor,

—*From the book.*

Man Ray, self-portrait, 1947.

explains a good deal: "There were rivalries and dissensions among the avant-garde group, but somehow I was never involved and remained on good terms with everyone."

Man Ray has, however, made one observation of possibly considerable significance. He tells us, as have others, how Brancusi refused to have modern appliances around, giving in only belatedly to a telephone and radio. But he adds: "In an alcove there were all sorts of electrical tools for cutting, scraping and polishing, which were not visible, leaving the studio as immaculate as an art gallery." If this is a responsible statement it must alter many a moral and psychological insight into Brancusi's patient, peasant nature.

A Monthly of Africa's Daily Life

In the Fiery Continent, *by Tom Hopkinson (Doubleday. 367 pp. $4.95), captures, in its account of the author's experiences as editor of Drum, the mood of South Africa's city-dwelling Africans. John Hughes wrote "The New Face of Africa."*

By JOHN HUGHES

TOM HOPKINSON is one of those deceptively mild-looking Englishmen with polite accents. But beneath the innocent exterior there lurks all the tenacity and canny enterprise of the professional London newspaperman.

For ten years Hopkinson was editor of the now defunct photo magazine *Picture Post,* which is perhaps best described as being the nearest British equivalent to *Life.*

But he broke with *Picture Post* and eventually went out to South Africa to edit *Drum. Drum* is one of Africa's most peculiar animals. It is a lively monthly picture magazine for Africans, published from Johannesburg, the heartland of apartheid, by a liberal white South African owner.

With editions elsewhere in Africa, it has become one of the hottest-selling magazines among Africans throughout the whole continent.

Drum has achieved considerable renown for its scoops and exposures, not the least of them those revealing the hardships and atrocities suffered by Africans in South Africa. All this has not come about without harassment from white authority.

Much of *Drum*'s success stemmed from an earlier editor, Anthony Sampson, also white and also English, who now works for the London *Observer.* Sampson jazzed the magazine up, ripped out the tribal folklore, and

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magazine for the sophisticated and would-be-sophisticated urban dwellers.

Sampson, just out of Oxford, had at that time little professional experience to back up his crusading zeal. Hopkinson, on the other hand, took over as a professional picture-magazine editor of repute. His high standards, requirements, and ambitions for the magazine set him at loggerheads with the management, which, by his account, set its sights lower on account of harsh economic factors.

Nevertheless, Hopkinson stayed as editor for three and a half years, and this book is the fascinating account of his experiences. His problems with management provide the autobiographical background theme. But they are never overpowering for the reader, and the strength of the book is in its capture of the mood of South Africa's city-dwelling Africans.

Despite the restrictions of editorship, Hopkinson was out and about much of the time. His *Drum* photographer-reporter team was the only one actually on the scene at Sharpeville in 1960 when the South African police opened fire on African crowds and scandalized the world. Hopkinson's account, together with his reporter's eyewitness story, gives one of the fullest nonofficial pictures of the Sharpeville affair yet published.

Hopkinson was off to other parts of Africa too for *Drum*. He was in the Congo after independence and recounts memorable and frustrating experiences that ring desperately true to those of us who similarly witnessed the Congo's chaotic emergence.

But South Africa is the main drama, and Hopkinson the editor has done a first-class job as Hopkinson the writer in bringing it alive.

February 1963 issue of *Drum*.

High Times with a By-line

Quentin Reynolds—epitomized an era.

By Quentin Reynolds, *by Quentin Reynolds (McGraw-Hill. 356 pp. $5.95), evokes the world of journalism a generation ago, when talented men casually covered everything from baseball to war. William L. Rivers is abroad on a NATO grant to write a book about American correspondents in Western Europe.*

By WILLIAM L. RIVERS

FOR A stark view of the change in American journalism, consider *By Quentin Reynolds.* The author set out only to produce a readable autobiography. And, despite an opening chapter so apologetically arch that it is properly describable as dismaying, he has succeeded. This is a fast-paced story richly evoked through shrewd, spare anecdotes. Perhaps unwittingly, however, Reynolds has done much more than sketch his own past.

Much of this book colors in the world of journalism a generation ago, a world of talented men who casually covered baseball and politics, the rackets and war, and dashed off short stories in their spare time.

Reynolds himself probably epitomized the period. He drifted into the newspaper business because his father happened to know somebody. He stumbled into foreign correspondence because he had happened to enroll in a class in German on the assurance of a friend that it was the easiest language to learn; years later, Reynolds's boss at International News Service overheard him spouting a bit of saloon German, and he was off for Berlin.

More significantly, after joining *Collier's* as an associate editor in 1933, Reynolds considered it perfectly natural to fashion an article on Joe Louis, then off-handedly head for Havana to spend a couple of weeks with the New York Giants in training there and write about Dictator Fulgencio Batista. During one year he turned out thirty-six wildly diverse pieces for *Collier's*—three of which appeared in a single issue—and maintained a lively social life. And he was but one of a great many prolific journalists. The impression is strong that the difference at that time between writing about Mickey Walker and Winston Churchill was primarily geographic.

Now, it is perfectly true that young men still drift into journalism and stumble into specialties, but the thrust is all the other way—toward a somewhat grim focus on developing expertise. It is also true that we still have a few facile magazine writers but they neither range as widely in subject matter nor do as much. Trying to imagine one of them writing thirty-six pieces a year for, say, today's *Saturday Evening Post* is toying with fantasy.

It must be clear that popular journalism has changed significantly. Reynolds himself emphasizes the highly impressionistic quality of the magazine pieces he ground out by remarking, "It was easy to read—and easy to forget." Magazines still publish some eminently forgettable articles, but journalism-in-depth has put its stamp on many magazines, and not a few newspapers. The day has come when the foreign correspondent who goes abroad knowing only that Khrushchev is somehow dangerous—as, on his first trip to Europe, Reynolds knew only that Hitler was a negative figure—is himself a menace.

It is easy to be nostalgic for the comfortable days when it was thought that anybody could cover any story. Perhaps we can dismiss the mistakes of that time by recalling that Reynolds & Friends were imaginative reporters who learned rapidly. It is even easier, however, to shudder, and to suspect that *these* are the good old days.

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The Three-Mile Limit of Evil

The Land of Rumbelow, *by Carlos Baker (Scribners. 370 pp. $4.95), considers the life of a man who has made "a Hell of Heav'n." Haskel Frankel, a free-lance literary critic, writes SR's feature "On the Fringe."*

By HASKEL FRANKEL

THE READER who chooses to enter *The Land of Rumbelow* does so fully armed. First, he is offered the subtitle, "A Fable in the Form of a Novel." Next, as epigraph, are two lines from *Paradise Lost*: "The mind is its own place, and in itself/Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n." Directly below this are two speeches from an unnamed medieval play, which reveal that Rumbelow is a land "Three myle out of hell."

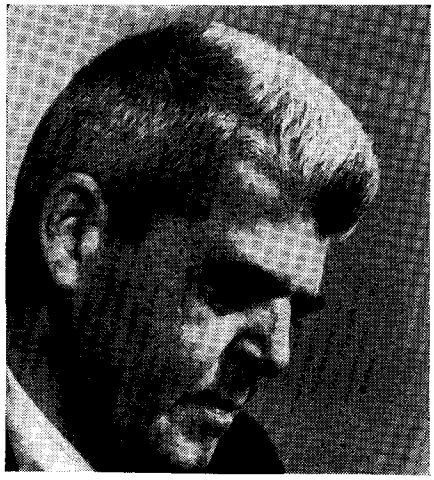
With the above in mind, the reader reaches page 1 knowing both the protagonist's problem and the author's purpose; all that remains to be discovered is what the author plans to do with it all. What follows, after all of this prepping for what sounded like a novel requiring effort on the part of the reader, is a rather straightforward story about a man named Dan Sherwood, who, after being badly beaten by a hitchhiker while driving West, spends his convalescence in Tucson working on a biography of Nicholas Kemp, a brooding giant of American fiction. In reconstructing Kemp's life, Dan's own life comes up for re-examination. Dan, who made "a Hell of Heav'n," ends with the more realistic attitude that, though evil exists, one must focus on the good. The reader closes the book with the realization that 370 pages have been turned out to prove the nondebatable two lines quoted from Milton before page 1.

All of the above would be carping if the story and the telling of it were a rewarding reading experience. It isn't, except on the cerebral level. The discussions (debates?) between Dan and an old painter, Hart, on good and evil in terms of the "sacramental" and the "excremental" views of the universe ("In one you bless and are blessed. In the other you curse and are cursed."), are most provocative. However, these discussions are dragged in to the complete stoppage of the plot and by the flimsiest of excuses (the heroine-to-be sends Dan to Hart with the words: "You ought to meet him. You'd like him.").

For that matter, the plot itself is loosely held together. The literary sleuthing, which could be exciting, is reduced to little more than letters and phone calls, sandwiched between long breaks while Dan drinks beer with the mailman, visits the old painter, has more drinks with his roué landlord, and talks, talks, talks.

As for Dan Sherwood himself, he is a strange one for this literary day and age. His reason for heading West is guilt over having gone to bed with his best friend's wife. He hasn't been caught, no one is chasing him; but he is running, carrying with him further gloomy views of the world he lives in. Though Dan Sherwood may seem incredibly naïve in terms of most of today's fictional—and real-life—characters who wouldn't budge, much less feel guilty, even if caught, let us grant Dan his neurotic behavior. But the author should grant us an explanation of how he got that way. None is given, though we are offered other examples of incidents that have added to his downbeat outlook. That is not good enough when a psychological explanation of his problem and his cure is required.

One's conclusion is that *The Land of Rumbelow* would have been more successful if it had been presented as "A Fable in the Form of a Philosophical Essay." The result would have been shorter, more to the point, more satisfying to the reader, and, I suspect, more satisfying to Carlos Baker.



—*Ulli Steltzer.*

Carlos Baker—cerebral rewards.

Demi-Eden: To most of us today South Africa is inevitably connected with apartheid. No such thundercloud of race hatred darkens the sky in Pauline Smith's *The Beadle* (Vanguard, $4.50), set in the time when the land was still a British colony inhabited by Dutch-speaking farmers, living in their valleys and plains in almost biblical simplicity. The picture described has the charm of something now gone forever, suggesting many parallels with our own colonial and pioneering days. Only against such a background of peaceful, orderly existence, regulated by piety and basic human needs, can its characters be seen and understood.

The beadle, a stern, silent man who might have stepped out of the pages of *The Scarlet Letter*, is the pivot on which the story turns; but the book is dominated by Andrina, a shy seventeen-year-old girl of whom he is the self-appointed guardian because he had loved her dead mother. Andrina lives with two aunts, one harsh, one humble, in a cottage near the big house, significantly named "Harmonie," where she works as and when required by the exigencies of the hospitality offered to all comers by the local landowner and his wife. In such freely rendered service lies her happiness, for to give without question is the keynote of her nature.

A visiting Englishman, unstable, lightly amorous, and incapable of understanding the language or thinking of his hosts, is the intruder in this patriarchal demi-Eden. He is the nearest to being a man of our times, and yet the least realized of the characters. Andrina, the beadle, the aunts, a romantically meddling postmistress, a comic boy in a courting dilemma who finally settles for a bride with a dowry that consists of a sewing machine, these and many others are substantial if not always sympathetic figures because they exist in their own world; the outsider from more sophisticated society remains a phantom. He may win Andrina's adoration but he arouses our contempt.

Pauline Smith's novel has the artistic integrity and subtlety that marked her stories in *The Little Karoo*. The steady rhythm of her sentences, the precision with which she places each stroke in her delineation of character, and her tender feeling for these people and scenes from far away and long ago give her book its quiet strength and compelling beauty. It brings a reassurance that apartheid is a transient falsity, while Andrina and her friends, though not likely to be met in our modern cities, represent basic truths.

—AILEEN PIPPETT.

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An Immortal Makes His Mark

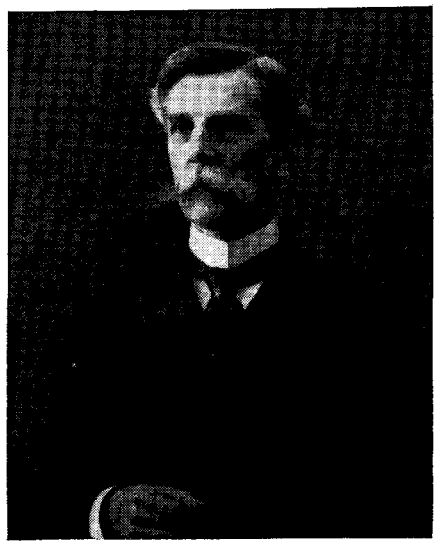
Justice Holmes: The Proving Years, 1870-1882, *by Mark DeWolfe Howe (Harvard University Press. ix, 295 pp. $5), and* ***The Common Law,*** *by Oliver Wendell Holmes, edited by Mark DeWolfe Howe (Harvard University Press. xxvii, 338 pp. $5), recreate the early years of one of the loftiest figures in American law and jurisprudence. Irving Dilliard is the editor of "One Man's Stand for Freedom: Mr. Justice Black and the Bill of Rights."*

By IRVING DILLIARD

AS CARL SANDBURG has lived with Lincoln day by day for more than a half-century, as Dumas Malone and Julian Boyd, to take two other such examples, are living daily with Jefferson, so is Mark DeWolfe Howe in everyday association with the late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. The books at hand are richly rewarding products of that joint life.

Mark Howe got an early start in his preparation for writing the definitive biography of the great Holmes. He was born in Boston, as was Holmes, and, like Holmes, he grew up in one of Boston's most distinguished literary families. Again like Holmes, he went to Harvard and then to the Harvard Law School. Graduating in 1933, he had the good fortune to be one of the last of the Holmes secretaries, from 1933-1934. (Holmes died on March 6, 1935, two days short of his ninety-fourth birthday.)

After serving an apprenticeship, so to speak, at the University of Buffalo Law School, Mark Howe, still following Holmes, was taken on the Harvard Law School faculty upon his return from military service in 1945. He had already edited, in 1941, the first fruit of his many hours of association with Holmes: the two large, handsome volumes of correspondence between Holmes and his noted English counterpart, Sir Frederick Pollock (1845-1937). After *The Holmes-Pollock Letters,* Howe prepared for publication *Touched with Fire* (1946), Holmes's Civil War letters and diary. Two volumes of correspondence between Holmes and a much younger Britisher, the late brilliant teacher of political science, Harold J. Laski, came in 1953, as *The Holmes-Laski Letters.*



Oliver Wendell Holmes —"steadily ambitious."

All this reading and studying and organizing and editing was by way of getting ready for a multiple-volume life of Holmes, the first section of which appeared in 1957 with the title *Justice Holmes: The Shaping Years, 1841-1870.* That initial volume, which was most enthusiastically received, took Holmes from his origins through his three Civil War injuries (Ball's Bluff, 1861; Antietam, 1862; Fredericksburg, 1863), through law school, his first European travel, admission to the bar, and commencement of work in 1869 on the twelfth edition of Kent's *Commentaries.*

Now, thanks to the arrival of *Justice Holmes: The Proving Years, 1870-1882,* we may traverse the next crowded decade and a bit more. Here the young veteran becomes co-editor of the *American Law Review* (1870-1873). He begins practice with his brother in 1871, but is drawn toward lecturing and teaching at Harvard. He delivers the Lowell Lectures in 1880, which make up his landmark book, *The Common Law,* published the next year.

This is also a period of importance in Holmes's personal life. He marries Fanny Bowditch Dixwell in 1872, and joins in a law partnership with George Otis Shattuck and William A. Monroe in 1873. He goes abroad twice, in 1874 and 1882. The "proving years" move to their climax in 1882, when he starts on an appointment to the Harvard law faculty but almost immediately is [redacted] ignated Associate Justice of the S[redacted] reme Judicial Court of Massachusetts.

This is the chronology, and through it the Holmes of history begins to take form. He is not yet, of course, the venerated senior Justice in Washington. Nor is his hair snowy white. But he has the flowing mustaches and the erect, military mien. And he is a philosopher of the law, with a mind of his own that is on the way to becoming one of the freest of his generation and long afterward.

The fine qualities of biographical research and writing that characterized *The Shaping Years* are present here. The graceful exposition has feeling and color. It expresses gratification and more, but also wonder and puzzlement, and, at times, disapproval as well as disappointment. For Mark Howe makes it clear that this Holmes is steadily ambitious and convinced that a man must make his mark by the age of forty.

This drive to early success distressed Holmes's Boston-Harvard elder, James Bradley Thayer, who thought he was sharing the limelight with Holmes as a joint editor of the twelfth edition [redacted] the Kent *Commentaries,* only to [redacted] the title page announcing simply, "Edited by O. W. Holmes, Jr." When Holmes left the law faculty abruptly, Thayer, who had worked to get funds for the chair, described Holmes, for "all his attractive qualities and his solid merits," as "wanting sadly" in that he was "selfish, vain, thoughtless of others."

But in his letter to President Charles William Eliot accepting the professorship, Holmes had expressly included the proviso that "If a judgeship should be offered me I should not wish to feel bound in honor not to consider it." Furthermore, the Governor of Massachusetts gave Holmes only a few hours in which to decide about the appointment. That this affair troubled Holmes was shown by his thought of returning the salary Harvard had paid him. In the end, however, any resentments between Thayer and Holmes faded away, and the two appear to have re-established "relationships of cordiality."

It is interesting to note that Holmes's Civil War service was looked on as a civic if not also a political asset. In connection with an opening on the federal bench a friend of Holm[redacted] wrote to a Bostonian in the State [redacted] partment: "Holmes's wounds and s[redacted] ferings in the war ought to help his chances."

When, after all his research, Mark Howe still does not know the answer to a question, he qualifies his conclu-

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ions with "I think." And there are nes when he is mystified, as, for instance, by Mrs. Holmes's destruction of nearly all her many needlework landscapes, drawn, as it were, with colored threads. It was a most unusual art, much displayed and most favorably written up in the Boston papers. The biographer cannot account for the impulse that moved her, when the Holmeses went to Washington, to destroy the work on which she had spent so many hours during their early married life.

Among the memorable passages is one that tells of Holmes's life in the Beacon Hill home of his father, physician and essayist Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr., who presumably modeled the character of the "young Astronomer" in his *Breakfast Table* series after his son. The European trips are also pleasant and human reading.

As mentioned above, Holmes's *The Common Law* was written during the period covered in *The Proving Years.* This new edition is published in the John Harvard Library of "book-length documents of American cultural history." Mark Howe's introduction gives it a setting such as it could not have had earlier; he notes, for example, the strain of Darwinism to be found in the lectures, which helps bring common law into "significant relationship with intellectual tendencies outside the law." Howe writes engagingly: "Holmes's masterful and ingenious attention to legal detail has, I suspect, led many readers to the supposition that the work, being merely a masterpiece of erudition, is not for them. If a new generation of readers will look not for his learning but for his point of view it will, I believe, see *The Common Law* as a landmark in intellectual history."

The Quality of Educated Mercy

Beyond the Law, *by James A. Pike (Doubleday. 102 pp. $2.95), which originated as the 1962 Rosenthal Lectures presented at the Northwestern University School of Law, considers the application by the legal profession of moral principles and values. John M. Murtagh is administrative judge of the Criminal Court of the City of New York.*

By JOHN M. MURTAGH

MANY of the moral considerations involved in such diverse legal areas as crime and divorce, property settlement and tax evasion are considered in this discussion of the religious and ethical meaning of the lawyer's role as counselor, judge, citizen, and person. A lawyer before he became a minister, Bishop James A. Pike draws for his essay on the teachings of many of the legal minds of the past—in particular the great scholar Joseph Story, Dane Professor of Law at Harvard University, who in a lecture in 1829 advised lawyers not to confine themselves to a knowledge of the law, but o become acquainted with the wisom of all disciplines, including philosophy and theology. *Beyond the Law* is essentially a readable and profound elaboration of this sage advice.

Certainly the criminal lawyer cannot limit himself to a study of the Penal Law and the Code of Criminal Procedure. The answers to the enigmas that regularly challenge one in this area are more apt to be found in such fields as psychiatry, psychology, anthropology, sociology, philosophy, or theology. And similarly with regard to most any other phase of the law.

Once, when he was addressing members of the American Bar Association, Bishop Pike recalls, he raised a hypothetical question of the kind that sometimes presents a young lawyer with a difficult moral decision, one to which there is no precise answer. A distinguished member of the Bar responded, "But there is no question. A young man is supposed to do what he is paid for!" To this the Bishop appropriately retorted, "I had not realized how close our profession is to the world's oldest profession."

Had there been no question, there would be little occasion for this essay. But it is well that Bishop Pike proceeds on the basis that there was a question, and invites consideration of the application of moral principles and values to the practice of law.

HIS legal training, his competence as a pastoral counselor, his intellectual attainments generally are evident when he advises on the counseling of the client. This important phase of the practice of law occupies much of a lawyer's time and is one of his great responsibilities, yet there is a paucity of literature on the subject. Although recognizing the similarity between all forms of counseling—pastoral, legal, or psychiatric—Bishop Pike obviously draws heavily on his experiences in his primary profession.

Nevertheless, here, as elsewhere throughout the essay, he reflects an acquaintance with the legal authorities that exist on the subject, quoting at length from such distinguished members of the Bar as Whitney North Seymour, formerly president of the American Bar Association.

Many readers will not find themselves in complete agreement with Bishop Pike, among them those who believe that the Natural Law is the source of all law, and those who do not accept a spiritual view of the law. But few will fail to accept the Bishop's main thesis, and all will profit by reading this profound essay.

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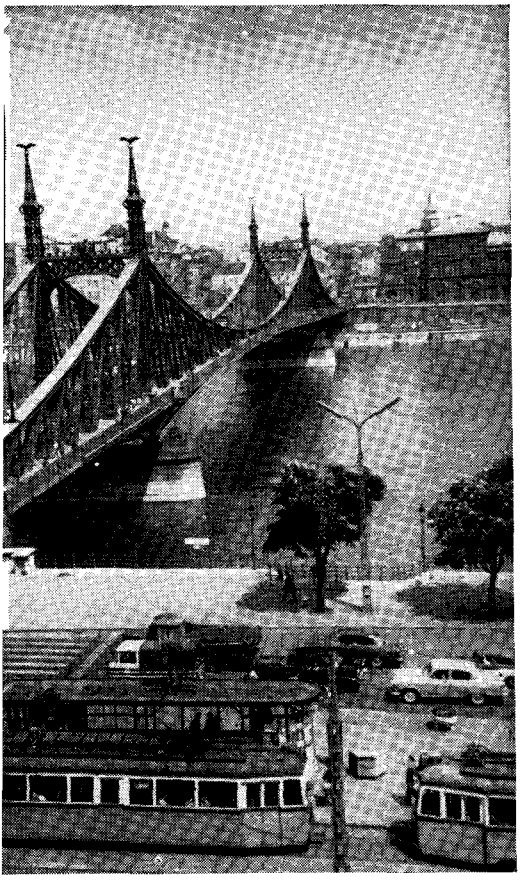
The Balkans in Brief—8. The Left Bank



The Danube at Budapest

MUCH of the old *Weltschmerz* in which Budapest rejoiced during its better days still wafts out of the wondrous Castle Quarter high in the Buda hills, looking down on the Danube. From Gellert Hill, where the Soviet conquerors, or liberators (depending upon where you stand), have planted their usual heroic statue to themselves (*SR*, Aug 10), one can look across to the neighboring heights and see the rondels and towers of the old fortifications. Here lived Louis the Great of the Anjous, who made Hungary the diplomatic power of the east, and King Sigismund of the Luxembourgs, who was elected Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. The palace, which was built in the time of Maria Theresa and destroyed in World War II, is now being restored. The diggers have already unearthed the old wine cellar of Louis of Anjou, almost intact but, alas, long since emptied.

Running the rim of the palisade are the walls, the walks, the towers, the arched windows of a memorial known as the Fishermen's Bastion. A gingerbread classic in fussy Hungarian Romanesque, it was built to honor the Danube fishermen who defended this flank of the Castle Quarter. Along its walkways and through its stone arches the view of the Danube is splen[did] and one can see beyond to the on[ion] domes atop the old churches, and to the needle spires of the huge parliament. The Coronation Church, where King Matthias and many another monarch were crowned, stands nearby, a decrepit 1,000 years old, and heavily wounded in the war. But its roof still sparkles with bright shingles placed in geometric patterns, and its steeple has memories of its days under the Turks when it was used as a minaret.

Behind these buildings of state are the old houses of the Castle Quarter, a Greenwich Village, a mews, where the streets are still lighted by gas and every third house shelters a small café or restaurant. For coffee there is the celebrated Tarnok, the famed Ruszwurm for confections, and tiny places full of *dobostorta* and tourists. The Fortuna is Western and fancy, complete with a dance band when you expect gypsy violins. One night we took a cab from the Gellert and went up to the Castle Quarter for a look. The cab driver was a woman, gray-haired and tough. She smoked endlessly, and drove the hills so hard [it] seemed that all her aggressions, wh[at]ever they were, against the life, [the] regime, or her lot, came out in the way she pushed that car. Whatever was left over streamed in smoke from her nostrils. She dropped us at Becsikapu, which is also known as Old Firenze, a private house with tables and a small dance band. We had a drink and then took our fuming night rider back down the hills to the Gellert, threw open the doors of our little balcony, and took a breath of Budapest from there before turning in.

—*Photos by H. S.*

Strollers in a Budapest park.

IN the bright sun the next day we rolled up to Margaret Island, a leafy bower in the middle of the Danube. Its pleasures were recognized by the Roman commanders when Budapest was still called Aquincum. They built their summer places there. The kings who came later used it as a hunting ground. Bela IV named it for his daughter, who became a nun. He built a Dominican convent for her, and several other orders followed. The charm and serenity of the place were lost on the Turks, who razed the convents and used the fields to pasture their horses. In palmier days the Hungarians b[uilt] an elegant hotel, which still stan[ds] and on fine summer days it seems as if half of Budapest has lunch or dinner under the broad awnings, the goulash coming in steaming platters, while the bread girls circle the tables selling rye

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bread and biscuits faintly charged with pepper.

The ruins of Aquincum are still on view in Obuda, or old Buda, on the mainland opposite Margaret Island. In its fanciest days it had two amphitheatres, one for the citizenry and another for the soldiers. The military theatre, an ellipse longer than the Colosseum in Rome, held 16,000 spectators, most of whom favored a fare of gladiators against lions. Besides watching the weekly fights, the next pleasure of the people was enjoying the baths. The so-called Roman baths, half a mile away, and still in use by today's ablutionists, are over 2,000 years old.

THE left bank of the Danube is not exactly like the left bank of the Seine. Here it encompasses the city of Pest. The parliament building in Kossuth Lajos Square, by the river, is a vast affair very nearly as long as three football fields strung end to end, a mass of styles including Venetian, Gothic, and Byzantine. It still holds a parliament composed of 342 members, a third of whom, under the Socialist penchant for parity between the sexes, are women. Kossuth stands in front pointing to the Parliament, charging them, I suspect, to uphold the nation. It is being upheld, after a fashion, by Janos Kadar, whose tottering regime had to be reinforced by Soviet tanks at the time of the Hungarian revolution in 1956. There seems to be a relaxation of the Communist oppression, a situation that has prompted the American State Department to look into the possibility of a return to full diplomatic relations with Hungary.

Many prisoners are said to have been released. You can find a Hungarian, convinced by the hard propaganda line pursued by the Kadar government, who believes the uprising was more criminal than patriotic. Fully 50 per cent of the revolutionists, my young guide explained to me, were prisoners let out of the jails, an assortment, he said, of thugs and thieves. Why the presence of Soviet troops was still needed, if there was no national movement to be rid of the Communist regime, was a question he was unable to answer.

Whatever the relaxations may have been, the Kadar government has still not moved to permit the exit of Josef Cardinal Mindszenty, who remains under sentence of life imprisonment should he leave his refuge at the United States Legation. The release of Mindszenty might open the way for renewing diplomatic relations, and also for the possible removal from the agenda of the United Nations of the

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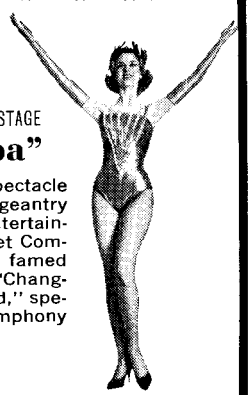

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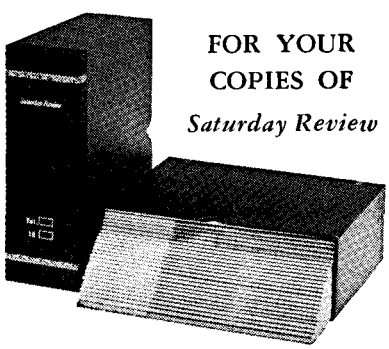

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Hungarian question, which is brought up each year.

From Kossuth Lajos Square one need only slip around the corner to Liberty Square, a memorial to the 50,000 Soviet soldiers who are said to have died in the fight for Budapest. The new building with the red star houses the Ministry of Industry, but the large gray edifice with its green roll-down shutters is the American Legation. Somewhere behind those shades lives Cardinal Mindszenty. If he looks out the windows he can peer down on the quiet square where elderly citizens sit on the benches, gazing on the lawn burgeoning with pansies. Only the occasional rasp of a stray motorcycle disturbs the chirp of the birds.

The heart of old Hungary is just steps away—St. Stephen's, where in three niches lie Ladislas, a king of the Arpad dynasty, Gellert, the saint who was rolled down Gellert hill in a nail-studded cask, and Princess Elizabeth, wife of Franz Josef; the old black Opera House with the statue of Liszt outside; the Operett Theatre, just off the Avenue of the Republic where Lehar and Kalman played; and the new Royal Hotel, built in the Twenties, destroyed in the war, rebuilt, destroyed again in the revolution, and now restored again. On its wall hangs a picture of it when it was called the Royal Grand Hotel on the Elizabeth Ring, "largest and most fashionable first-class house in the capital." Now it is no longer grand in name or in style. It is still royal, after the new Leninist royalty. In the garden a small orchestra played an afternoon *dansant*, and boys and girls who had come separately to find one another were dancing easily. The air was soft, the mood quiet, and Kadar's liberalization was flowering. Only the sadness of 1956 remained, but it was hidden in one's heart. Those who danced were too young to have had it matter much.

—Horace Sutton.

(*Last of a series.*)

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11. Friedrick Frobel	( )	"Democracy and Education"
12. Johann Herbart	( )	"The Process of Education"
13. Robert M. Hutchins	( )	"The Science of Education"
14. Julian S. Huxley	( )	"The Mystery of Education"
15. Thomas H. Huxley	( )	"Education and Prosperity"
16. Max Lerner	( )	"The Meaning of Education"
17. Myron Lieberman	( )	"The Education of Children"
18. Horace Mann	( )	"Education as a Profession"
19. Jacques Maritan	( )	"The Education of Henry Adams"
20. Ashley Montagu	( )	"Education at the Crossroads"
21. Michel de Montaigne	( )	"Education and the Good Life"
22. Philip Phenix	( )	"Education and Human Relations"
23. Hyman Rickover	( )	"Education, Today and Tomorrow"
24. Leo Rosten	( )	"Education and the Common Good"
25. Bertrand Russell	( )	"Education and a Radical Humanism"
26. Mark Van Doren	( )	"The Education of a Christian Prince"
27. Barrett Wendell	( )	"Education and the Humanist Revolution"
28. Alfred Whitehead	( )	"The Education of H*Y*M*A*N* K*A*P*L*A*N

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Grecian Yearns

STRATFORD, ONTARIO.

THE Canadian Shakespeare Festival, now in its eleventh season, is offering us an opportunity to take a look at the seldom-performed *Timon of Athens*. And perhaps because there is less familiar material in it to be desecrated, director Michael Langham has approached his production with considerable boldness. He has set the play in a contemporary society, nominally Athens, but really an extremely corrupt country ruthlessly controlled by a small group of wealthy men, its people waiting only a suitable leader to rebel. Within this society Timon is represented as a lonely *nouveau-riche* philanthropist who gives compulsively in a desperate search for friendship; and he does get outward shows of friendship from men who have learned that he always returns twice as much as he gets. The one man who sees the situation clearly is the cynical newspaperman Apemantus (nicely played by Douglas Rain), but Timon doesn't want to face the unpleasant truths this rude and graceless man keeps telling him.

In this production the monstrous ingratitude of his friends in time of need is too obviously demonstrated, and John Colicos's Timon seems an impossibly vain *poseur*, with whose fall from fortune we cannot sympathize. The staging of the first act, however, is colorful, with one scene played in a Turkish bath, and another capturing the essence of the decadent upper-class parties recently described in our tabloids. In the latter there is some politely bouncy Duke Ellington music to which Christines and Mandys do a "fooling-around" dance that Mr. Ellington has named "the skilipoop." Best of all is Timon's last banquet, to which he invites his former disciples. Within a mounting rhythm of speech Timon splashes soup in their faces and throws dinnerware after his fleeing guests.

However, it is the subplot of Alcibiades, played with controlled anger by William Hutt, that most engages us. In a newly written short scene we see one of Alcibiades's soldiers respond to a street insult by unintentionally killing one of the police, and are thus prepared for Alcibiades's stirring defense of his soldier at the ensuing trial. In it he points out that a country whose existence depends upon wars cannot justly expect soldiers always to behave submissively in peacetime situations.

The last act presents a Timon in rags who has become a misanthrope, and an Alcibiades who, like Coriolanus, is gathering an army to invade and sack his own country. The director intends us to believe that Timon's attitude toward the society he has turned his back on changes because of his sudden discovery of gold, and because of a philosophic discussion he has with Apemantus. Unfortunately, because Mr. Colicos appears to do nothing but suffer intensely through the various proceedings, we conclude that nothing that is said or done can matter very much.

Thus, while we may leave the theatre humming Mr. Ellington's revolutionary march (composed with a sort of "How High the Moon?" dissonance), we have not penetrated or even clearly heard much of Shakespeare's underwritten text. Perhaps fuller significance might have been achieved by focusing on the question: Was not Apemantus's ability to face the dirtiest truths less rewarding than Timon's vulnerable high hope in people's ability to receive his love?

A fairly straight production of *Troilus and Cressida* sacrifices some of the bite of the play to achieve more of the comedy. Most amusing are Pandarus, played womanishly by William Hutt; Ajax, portrayed as a bully boy dolt by Tony van Bridge; and Thersites, played amusingly by Eric Christmas. And the Greek high command is satirically treated, with William Needles's aged Nestor getting the biggest laugh of the evening in the scene in which Ulysses has been trying to flatter Ajax for a number of virtues he obviously does not possess. "I will not praise thy wisdom," says Ulysses, deftly getting around that point. Snorts Nestor: "Why not?"

The love story is presented beautifully and with uninhibited eroticism as Martha Henry flutters feverishly about in filmy nightgowns to show us a Cressida so fully susceptible to the wanton pleasures of love that from the beginning we know she is lost. The battle scenes are superbly staged by Mr. Langham and Patrick Crean. Desmond Heeley's costumes also contribute to the lush theatricality of this highly entertaining and lovely presentation.

—HENRY HEWES.

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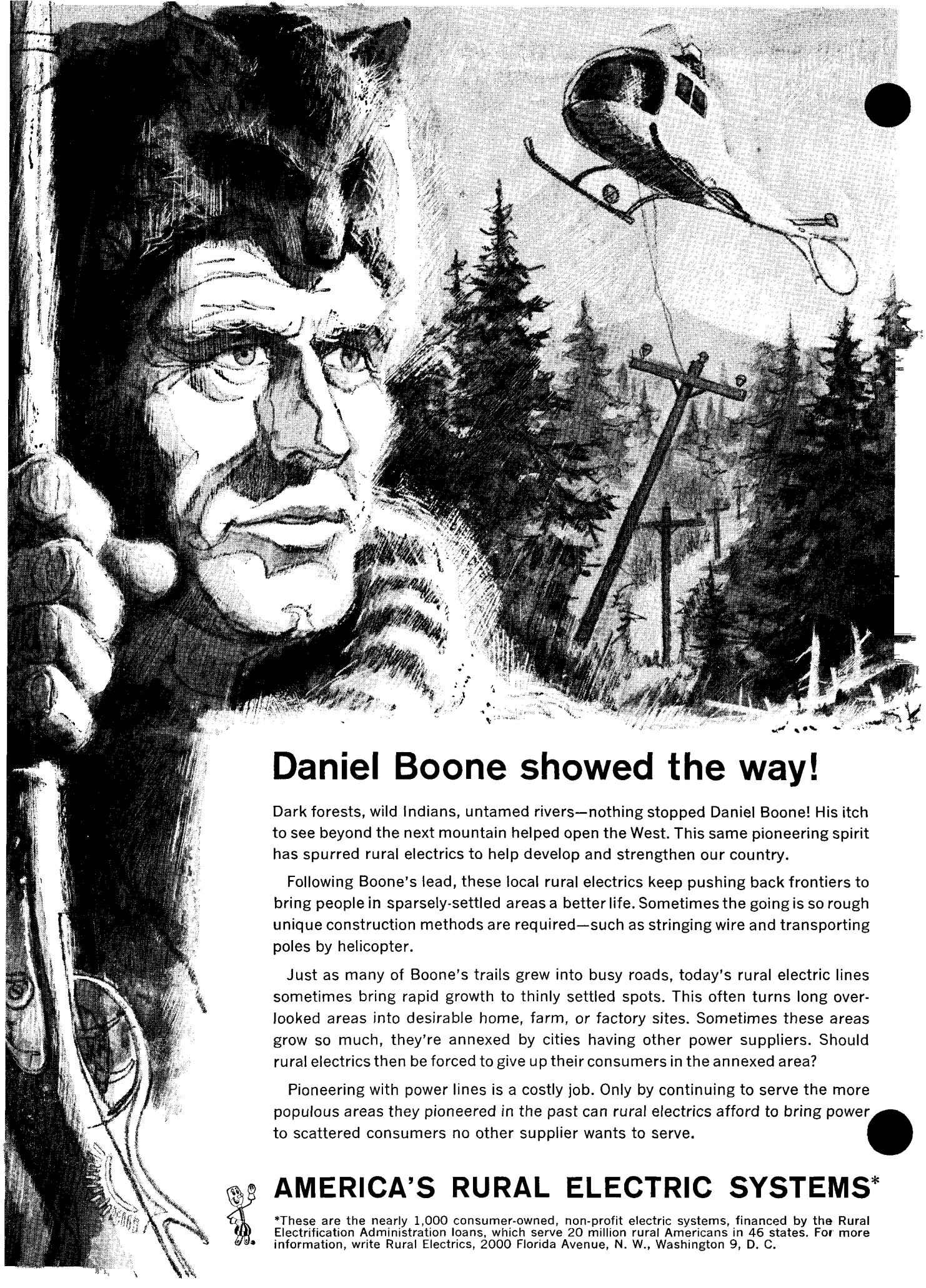

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EDUCATION AROUND THE WORLD

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Education's Role in the Developing Nations

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Philip H. Coombs, the author of this guest editorial, is the former Assistant Secretary of State for Education and Cultural Affairs and the director of the newly established International Institute of Educational Planning in Paris, sponsored by UNESCO as an autonomous agency.*

THE spotlight of attention in social and economic development—not only in Africa, Asia and Latin America but in advanced nations as well—has been shifting lately to education.

Economists, world bankers and local development planners have become more acutely aware that a society can only achieve sustained economic growth and build viable social and political institutions if it invests adequately and early in the development of its people's talents.

A new steel mill in India, for example, would become an expensive and useless status symbol without people trained to run it and to use its products. The same holds for a power dam in Ghana or a factory in Bolivia. The point is that investment in physical capital must be balanced with investment in human capital.

Most educators have taken this for granted all along, but they have usually been reluctant to stress the point lest it invite overemphasis on the materialistic aspects of education. Quite rightly they have insisted that education is not merely an instrument of economic growth, but that it also has other and perhaps even higher aims. Nevertheless, it is this new recognition of the essential linkage between education and economic and social development—between the growth of people and the growth of a society—that is bringing fresh support today from non-educators for increased investment in education. The World Bank, for example, universally respected for its business acumen, is leading the financial community with its new policy of helping to finance educational development. The Inter-American Development Bank and the US-AID program also have entered the loans-for-education business. The U.N. Special Fund, under Paul Hoffman, is directing a large portion of its "pre-investment" funds into education, convinced that this is the best way the least developed economies can reach the "take-off" point.

Only a few years ago it would have been unthinkable to suggest to lenders that people are as good an investment as a fertilizer factory or a highway. The shift of attitude and policy has resulted not from soft-headed sentiment but from hard-headed analysis of practical experience.

In a host of situations all over the world, including many developed countries, the major bottleneck to development is the shortage not of money but of educated manpower. A major reason, for example, why huge credits piled up, unused, in the first two years of the Alliance for Progress was the shortage of developed human talent in Latin America to make rapid and efficient use of these aid funds. Hence the new emphasis on educational development in the Alliance. Most African and Asian countries are even worse off in this respect, but they are now giving more

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emphasis to education in their development plans than any other region.

It will require heavy investment in education in the coming years to break this human bottleneck to progress. And well over 90 per cent of the funds will have to come from the scarce internal resources of the nations themselves, even if international aid holds high.

But it must be emphasized that money alone will not solve the problem, nor will the simple expansion of the educational *status quo*. In most developing countries the present educational system—usually an obsolete copy of some advanced nation's system—is not only too small but poorly adapted to the local needs and resources. Their toughest task, therefore, is to recast curriculum content to fit their special needs and to recast their educational processes to fit their limited resources. One of the scarcest of these resources is competent manpower for teaching, which therefore must be utilized with maximum efficiency. Accordingly, there is need for a massive search for new technologies of education that will enable teachers and students alike to be more productive.

All this will require better educational planning. The alternative is a wasteful buckshot approach that is bound to yield disappointing results. Such planning must cover not only the internal affairs of education but must gear education to the development needs and processes of the whole society. There is no more powerful force for social change and economic advancement than a nation's educational system, provided it is a good one.

This kind of integrated educational planning is something new for most of the world, not least of all for the United States. It calls for the skills and insights not only of professional educators and development economists but of other social scientists and able practitioners, particularly when it comes to translating a paper plan into action.

It calls, in short, for a new breed of planner—what Professor Fred Harbison has called an "educational development strategist"—who has the ability, on the one hand, to look at an educational system whole (unlike most educational specialists) and, on the other, to see the role and relationships of education to the complex process of over-all economic and social development. This is a tall order.

There is need also for more basic knowledge about educational planning and development—based on research and analysis aimed at practical problems. Such knowledge must cover many facets—the curriculum and its objectives, innovations in teaching techniques and materials, teacher supply, organization, strategies of action, and not least the economics of education.

These needs have now come to be more clearly recognized, in the establishment of a new International Institute for Educational Planning. Its mission, in a nutshell, is to provide the intellectual leadership and practical assistance needed to put education into the mainstream of overall social and economic development.

The Institute's clientele will include all U.N. nations, but especially those at earlier stages of development. UNESCO, which has done most to bring the need for integrated educational planning into the open, took the initiative to create the Institute as an autonomous, free-wheeling body, and to endow it with authoritative and diplomatic standing throughout the world. But it is also closely allied to other U.N. agencies and regional development institutes and will cooperate with universities, national aid agencies, and private organizations. Its financial support comes thus far from UNESCO, the World Bank and the Ford Foundation. The French government is generous[illegible] providing it an excellent home. Oth[illegible] agencies are expected to join in.

The International Institute for Educational Planning seeks to become the intellectual home for the world's leading educators, economists, political and other social scientists, and down-to-earth practitioners who are pioneering in this important field. Its energies will be devoted to research and high level training, and to trying to help all others similarly engaged, wherever they are, to strengthen their activities. But its abiding concern will be the translation of training and research into *action*.

Those of us involved in the launching of this new enterprise—the distinguished members of its international board, its small initial staff, and its many able advisors—all have the sense of excitement and challenge which goes with tackling a huge but timely and urgent problem closely linked to the peaceful aspirations of man.

The Institute obviously cannot do the job alone. But hopefully it can provide direction and set a pace. And hopefully also it will build new bridges for ideas to traverse—between developed and less developed nation[illegible] and between the academic *produce*[illegible] of research and trained talent and the operational agencies who are the *consumers* of such products. It also has the opportunity to build fresh bridges between East and West, in a subject where ideological disputes are few.

If this effort succeeds, all nations will benefit. For the basic problems of educational modernization are common to all nations, whatever their stage of development. A North American or European has only to visit a few nations of Asia, Africa, and Latin America to see in bold relief the basic needs of his own nation's educational system: the updating of curriculum, the improvement of teacher supply, the development of more effective teaching methods, the strengthening of education's financial base, and the more efficient utilization of educational resources.

Perhaps the new nations now writing on a cleaner educational slate can in the years to come teach the older nations a thing or two, if they have the courage and necessary help to experiment and innovate.

The economically advanced nations that join in this effort to help others develop their human resources w[illegible] surely benefit by the feedback of ne[illegible] ideas into their own somewhat encrusted educational systems, and most of all, by the contribution all this can make toward a saner, more mature world.

—Philip H. Coombs.

—*Chapelle (Monkmeyer).*

Lacking pencil and paper, these Indian boys do their homework in the sand.

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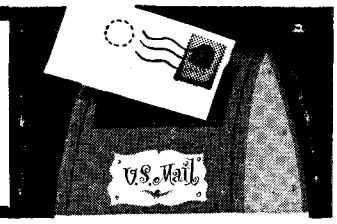
Letters to the Editor



KUDOS FOR CALITRI

I WANT to thank Professor Calitri for expressing so well the feelings I have held as a teacher in Miami Beach toward my Cuban students. On occasion I have tried to explain to some of my fellow teachers why I believed that these children must be left some of their own identity as people of another culture. Many of my co-workers will not allow these children to speak Spanish at any time in the school building and accuse them of not wanting to assimilate merely because they find it easier to communicate with each other in their native tongue. I strongly maintain that it is an advantage to be bilingual. Why should these children with a beautiful cultural background have to abandon this and the language of their country and people? They have much to be proud of, just as we Americans do.

BARBARA SACKS.

Miami Beach, Fla.

WEST GERMAN EDUCATION

I FOUND your two articles on West German education [*SR*, July 20] praiseworthy for their accuracy and informativeness. May I point out that, unbeknownst to Mr. Plant, a careful study has been made of the teaching of current history in the West German schools. (Suzanne M. Shafer, *Persistence of Postwar American Proposals for the Study of Contemporary Affairs in the West German Volksschule*. University of Michigan: Unpublished Ph.D. dissertation, 1962; available on microfilm.)

As I observed the last two years of the *Volksschule*, the terminal school years for about 70 per cent of German children, I saw teachers vigorously condemn Nazism, show historically accurate films about the origin of World War II, disdainfully play recordings of the yelling crowds that used to cheer for Hitler, and discuss the revelations of the Eichmann trial. These classrooms had materials, particularly pictures, of Dachau, the rise of Hitler, the course of World War II, . . . the Hungarian revolt of 1956, the European Common Market, and Berlin. I learned that some classes have taken field trips to Dachau.

Of course, as Mr. Plant also found out, many of the older teachers avoid teaching recent German history. I found that among the younger ones there was as yet a dearth of accurate information about the Third Reich, for the responsible teaching of history and the social sciences did not get fully underway until the mid-1950s. These teachers must themselves become knowledgeable about the Nazi era before they can help their pupils come to grips with this part of their heritage.

MRS. SUSANNE M. SHAFER,
Assistant Professor of
Education, Queens College.

Flushing, N.Y.

IN DEFENSE OF KINDERGARTEN

MARJORIE L. KELLEY'S article "When Are Children 'Ready' to Read?" [*SR*, July 20] forces me, as a long-time kindergarten teacher, to rise to the defense of kindergarten as it is.

First of all, I will concede that some five-year-olds would hold still for formal instruction in reading, so would some four-year-olds and even some of the threes. But why? Why should we take away from our children any of this joyful time of investigating and experimenting, of talking and listening, of asking questions and helping to find the answers, of laughing, singing, climbing, rolling, running, skipping, and dancing?

MRS. CHARITY L. STARRETT.

Indianapolis, Ind.

MARJORIE KELLEY may be interested to know that for some years now at Buckley Road Elementary School (Liverpool, N.Y.) a formal reading readiness program has been successfully carried on in kindergarten. This program includes general readiness games and activities as well as a readiness workbook. Number concepts up to ten are also introduced and the children do number worksheets.

In my year of teaching kindergarten there I made several discoveries. The children are able to perform and learn much more than is generally expected. Nearly all of the children handled the number work satisfactorily. Roughly half the children were able to do and enjoy formal reading readiness workbooks. Parents were enthusiastic about the program.

There are problems. The biggest one, in my opinion, is that any formal reading work necessitates grouping.

MRS. MARGERY L. TINNEO.

Indialantic, Fla.

A REPLY TO MRS. CONANT

I WOULD assume that the main purpose of Grace Richard Conant's article on "German Textbooks and the Nazi Past" [*SR*, July 20] was to assure the American public that German history textbooks give a faithful account of the crimes of Hitler and his regime. In attempting to make her point, Mrs. Conant takes issue with my study of German history textbooks, which appeared in the Winter 1961 issue of the *School Review*.

My extensive study of eight West German history textbooks included many quotations which indicated that the textbooks were in need of a thorough revision. Mrs. Conant says that she had "made a careful study of ten recently published history textbooks that are widely used in West German schools" and was satisfied with her findings. Well, I am not as happy with my findings. For that matter, neither were responsible West German educators and teachers, as the response to my study has shown. There is also no doubt in my mind that the leaders of the West German Federal Republic are not satisfied with the content of some of the history textbooks.

Dr. Walter Stahl, executive director of the Atlantic-Bruecke, an organization dedicated to the fostering of close relations between West Germany and the United States, wrote in his book *Education for Democracy in West Germany*: "One of the weakest points in the structure of German democracy is that of the political education and training of the youth of the country—and of the adults as well." The same point is made in an excellent article by Dr. Ludwig von Friedenberg, "West Germany," in the *Review of Educational Research*, June, 1962, pp. 308-319.

Mrs. Conant's article carries a photograph of the West German history textbook *Neueste Zeit* and adds that this text has been recommended by seven West German state governments. I wonder why the author did not recommend that this textbook be revised in order to correct the following example of biased writing: "As Hitler's hope for a peace with England was destroyed, he ordered preparations for a landing of German troops in England," p. 108. Thus the London blitz and the plans to subjugate England are made to appear not as results of Hitler's determination to rule the world, but as consequences of Churchill's arbitrary refusal to conclude a peace, obviously over the corpses of Poland, Czechoslovakia, France, Denmark, Norway, and other countries.

Mrs. Conant is mistaken in suggesting that in my documented study I have used quotations from East German and West German textbooks interchangeably. The quotations from East German textbooks, which follow the well-known Communist line, and from the West German textbooks are clearly indicated in the text of my study. The difficulty experienced by Mrs. Conant probably resulted from the fact that I have quoted from an East German history textbook and from a West German textbook with an identical title, *Die Neueste Zeit*. These identical titles have, it seems, also confused the printer, who in several places placed in the notes a number 7, referring to the West German textbook, instead of 6, which was the number carried by the East German *Neueste Zeit*.

I have no doubt that Mrs. Conant and I agree on one point, namely that there exists a sincere desire on the part of most West German educators to educate the German youth in a democratic spirit and ideology. As a matter of fact, revised editions of several textbooks are now in preparation and some excellent supplementary materials have already been published. There is reason to believe that my study has spurred efforts in the Federal German Republic for a revision of history textbooks. I hope that Mrs. Conant's article would not slow down these necessary reforms.

MARK M. KRUG,
Associate Professor of
Education in History,
University of Chicago.

Chicago, Ill.

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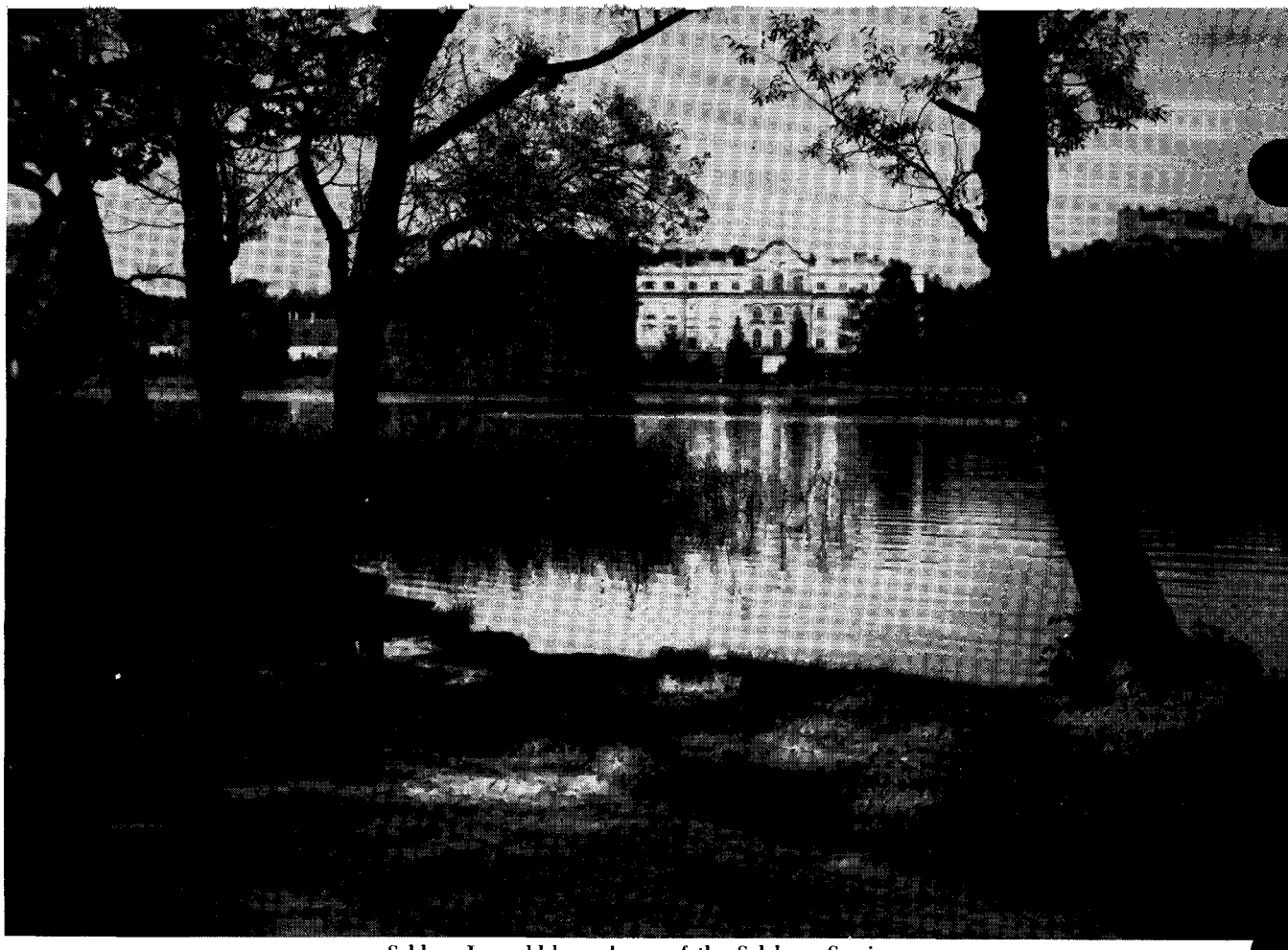

Schloss Leopoldskron—home of the Salzburg Seminar.

SEMINAR AT SALZBURG

By ALVIN TOFFLER, *free-lance writer, former Associate Editor of Fortune, author of the forthcoming book, "The Culture Business," and a faculty member at a Salzburg Seminar held earlier this year.*

EVER since 1947 small groups of Europe's most promising young leaders have been trekking to a history-rich castle near Salzburg, Austria, to immerse themselves in America. There, amid baroque paintings and sculpture, coats of armor, and crystal chandeliers symbolic of Europe's own heritage, they participate in one of the most novel educational programs on the continent. Through this program, unpublicized and almost unknown in the United States, the Salzburg Seminar in American Studies has been influencing the rising leadership of Europe for a decade and a half.

If the export of an American ballet company or theatre troupe to far off places in the world can properly be called a form of "cultural diplomacy," then the Salzburg Seminar is an important example of what might be called "intellectual diplomacy." The term is apt, for through the work of this private, nonprofit institution, thousands of Europe's most active minds are being brought into contact with a new kind of ambassador—the thoughtful American.

Today the nearly 4,400 graduates of the Salzburg Seminar are to be found at every level of government, industry, the arts, and professions from Finland to Italy and from Ireland to Yugoslavia. Some, like critic Kenneth Tynan, have international reputations.

Many more are now prominent in their own countries as novelists, diplomats, labor leaders, businessmen, film makers, educators, or editors.

The Seminar is a center for the study of American civilization. Its papers of incorporation state as its purpose: "To conduct education for Europeans in American history, literature, economics and other subjects. . . ." But this is only a pale and legalistic description of what takes place at Schloss Leopoldskron, the 227-year-old roccoco castle in which the Seminar operates. For the Seminar is more than a series of formal lectures and discussions. It is, at least for many, an intense intellectual experience.

Formally, the Seminar offers six sessions a year. Each is four weeks long. Each is devoted to a different subject. This year, for example, sessions have been held on American foreign policy, on mass communications in America, on the U.S. economy, on labor-management relations, and on American law and legal institutions. This week the final session of the year is getting under way—one devoted to politics in the United States. The subject matter varies from year to year. Sessions have been devoted to the arts, to science, literature and the humanities. The formal program consists of from forty to forty-five lectures during the month, plus lengthy afternoon seminars. A

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new faculty of four or five specially qualified Americans is chosen for each session.

The level of instruction at the Schloss is suggested by a look at who some of the lecturers have been. In the social and politcal sciences, for examples, such names as Kenneth Boulding, Walt W. Rostow, Talcott Parsons, and Margaret Mead crop up in the schedules. Arthur Goldberg, now of the Supreme Court, has lectured on labor in America. The list of other legal luminaries includes Zechariah Chafee and Paul Freund. Henry Steele Commager and Richard Hofstadter have taught history. Literature has been treated by Edmund Wilson, John Ciardi, Ralph Ellison and Alfred Kazin. Journalism and the mass media have been represented by Max Lerner, Robert Bendiner and John Fischer, editor of *Harper's*.

What attracts individuals of such standing to Salzburg is not the money—they receive only travel expenses and room and board—but the quality of the minds they are likely to meet there. For one of the essential ingredients of the Seminar's success is the careful selection of its European participants. The Seminar is not primarily aimed at students, although a few are accepted, but at the young person who has already established his or her professional competence and has begun to function meaningfully in society. The majority fall in the twenty-five to forty age bracket. Each "fellow" is personally interviewed in advance by one of the Seminar's roving scouts. (The resident staff of Americans, during the Seminar's off-months, crisscross Europe in their Volkswagons, meeting with employers, educators, and former Fellows in an intensive hunt for the finest raw material.)

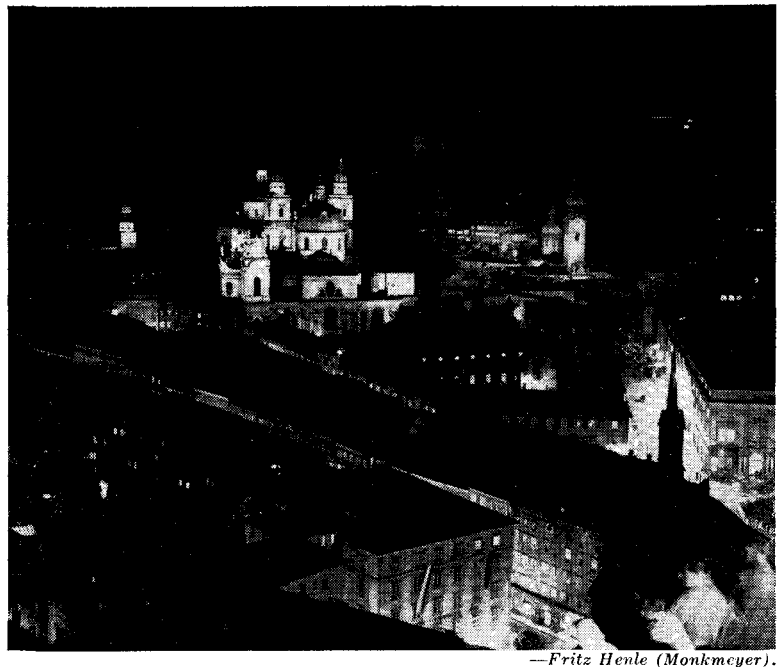
What kind of people are chosen? The recent session on mass communications was slightly smaller than most, having only about forty Fellows. Most sessions attract fifty to sixty. But among the Europeans present were the political editor of *La Tribune de Geneve;* the diplomatic editor of Tanjug, the Yugoslav news agency; a producer of the BBC African Service; the assistant editor-in-chief of the Rotterdam *Algemeen Dagblad;* a political editor of the news agency of the Swedish Conservative Press Association; a member of the Amsterdam city council who is also in charge of research for the Dutch labor party; the editor of youth programs of the Finnish Broadcasting Company; the chief of Eastern European broadcasts for the French government radio and television system; and the editor of the largest newspaper in Croatia, now a member of the Croatian parliament.

Such men and women come with a cutting edge of intellectual curiosity and a leaven of sophistication. Some arrive antagonistic to the United States. Others are warmly friendly. But almost without exception all are earnest in a desire to soak up the facts and "feel" of America. Thus attendance at the lectures and seminars is extremely high, despite the heavy schedule. In addition, most are expected to produce papers and reports, and it is a common sight to see the lamps burning late at night in the superb library that is one of the most important resources at the Schloss. Housed in a lovely ornate room modelled after the library of the monastery of St. Gallen in Switzerland, the collection contains 13,000 volumes in English, and is probably the best library on American affairs to be found anywhere in Europe.

But what makes attendance at the Seminar so memorable for its participants is not merely the formal program, but the physical and social conditions under which everyone lives. Fellows are housed in dormitory-type rooms on the third and fourth floors of the Schloss. Faculty members and their families occupy small apartments. All, including the wives and children of faculty members, take their meals together in a huge, high-ceilinged dining hall. No formal seating order is observed. The teacher from England finds himself next to the broadcaster from Italy at one meal, a German economics writer at another, an American child at a third, a faculty member the next morning, and so on. Mealtime conversations typically pick up where the discussions in the lecture room and seminar leave off. In the evenings small groups coalesce for more lively talk over beer or red wine. As the first few days pass, the initial formality that inhibits free-swinging debate among strangers begins to wear off, and the Schloss becomes a centrifuge in which ideas and attitudes are altered.

Inevitably, the conversation ranges far afield from the subject matter of the lectures. Food, taxes, the ethnic problems of Mississippi or Macedonia, religion, sex, music, nationalism, and internationalism all grind through the talk mill. In this process, the Fellows suddenly find, often to their surprise, that Americans are not all punched out by a cookie cutter. This revelation, seemingly so simple, is important, and it is fostered by the tradition of academic freedom that the Seminar observes. Thus the American faculty for each session may meet in the U.S. for a preliminary briefing, and it meets periodically during the month in Salzburg, but each member is free to outline his own lectures and to shape his material as he wishes. His point of view, it goes without saying, is strictly his own. No effort is made to "coordinate" differences of opinion. Often, as a result, the Fellows are surprised to find lecturers challenging one another's position. This absence of any "party line" helps create an atmosphere of honesty that does not go unnoticed. Thus members of one recent faculty each received a letter after the sessions from a Dutch Fellow who wrote: "I want you . . . to know that I am grateful to you for giving so much, for your clear lectures, for the honesty of the discussions, for your hospitality, and willingness to go into an argument."

This "willingness to go into an argu-



—*Fritz Henle (Monkmeyer).*

Salzburg—"symbolic of Europe's own heritage."

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Seminar students—"a cutting edge of intellectual curiosity."

ment" contrasts sharply with the academic atmosphere to which most Europeans are accustomed. "I like particularly," wrote a Swiss government official of his experience as a Fellow, "the opportunity given to students to ask questions and to argue with professors. I hope that in Switzerland we will soon perhaps under the influence of the Salzburg Seminar, give more importance in our academic education to seminars, personal research and discussions and will give up the habit of just listening to lectures."

This openness and frankness, consciously fostered by the Seminar, sometimes leads to poignant moments. Recently, after a long discussion of the West German government's attempt to crack down on the magazine *Der Spiegel*, the conversation at the lunch table turned to democracy in the German Federal Republic. A Yugoslav Fellow turned to a young German journalist and asked pointedly: "Why do you still have so many ex-Nazis in your government?" The German replied that during the war Germany had lost much of its trained manpower, and that, in trying to reconstitute a government, it had found that most of those equipped to cope with law or public administration had had some involvement with the Nazis at one time or another. The Yugoslav found this argument inadequate. "Helge," he said, using the German's first name for the first time, "wouldn't it be better if you, without any legal training or background, were the judge or prosecutor? At least you would be a decent human being."

The German, thirty-one years old and too young to have participated in any way in the crimes of the past, was perceptibly shaken when he left the table after the meal. In the next few weeks he devoted much serious thought and candid discussion to what he, personally, could or should do to nurture democracy in Germany.

The Seminar, over the years, has witnessed many evidences of emotion. Once in the early days a Yugoslav pulled a knife on an Italian. Another time a Norwegian recognized a German at whom, during World War II, he had tossed a grenade. On the lighter side, the Schloss has been the scene of several budding romances. A number of weddings have resulted.

The bizarre surroundings, the combination of enforced closeness and round-the-clock discussion, the blending of intellectual activity with the social shock of confronting and coming to know strangers from fifteen countries, all lend a special, warm, emotional coloration to the education that occurs at the Schloss. Former Fellows regularly use words like "meaningful" or "impressed" or "rewarding" to describe their experiences. Another term often employed is "surprising." Nor are faculty members any less enthusiastic. Professor Robert Osgood, who has lectured on U.S. foreign policy, says of his month at Salzburg: "My career holds no more exciting and heartening experience." Eli Oliver, lecturer on labor-management affairs, has said: "The experience was one of the most thrilling of our lives," and Professor Melvin Bernstein, whose subject was the American novel, has written: "A thumping intellectual experience . . . There probably is nothing to compare it with."

THE original idea for the Seminar, oddly enough, came not from educators, but from a group of Harvard students who, at the end of World War II were raising money for food shipments to Europe. One of them suggested that it was as important to export ideas as edibles, and before long they received formal backing from the Harvard student council for the establishment of the Seminar. During the summer of 1947 the first session took place, administered by American students with the aid of several Harvard faculty members. Until 1950 the Seminar continued to be held each summer, but it was, both financially and administratively, a rickety structure held together by money raised from parents, friends and relatives of the students.

In 1950 Dexter Perkins, the historian, agreed to take over the presidency of the Seminar and to attempt to put it on a somewhat more professional basis. He brought with him Frederick P. Muhlhauser, a retired businessman, who took over as executive vice president. Together they raised money [redacted] the Rockefeller Foundation, the [redacted] Foundation, the Commonwealth Fund, the Avalon Foundation, from several large corporations and from individual contributors.

Today the Seminar owns Schloss Leopoldskron. A small administrative office is maintained in Cambridge. Dr. Perkins retired in 1961 and was succeeded as president by Dr. Arthur S. Adams, former president of the American Council on Education. The only significant change in the Seminar in recent years has been the decision to accept some financial assistance from the U.S. government. With an annual operating cost of nearly $200,000, the Seminar regularly faced a fund raising problem, but remained chary of any entanglement with government. The decision to accept public funds was accompanied by the stipulation that the government would not in any way attempt to influence the policies or program of the Seminar. Today the government provides about eighteen per cent of the total budget. This money, however, is earmarked for specific purposes: to help pay faculty transportation costs, and to provide scholarships for s[redacted] qualified Europeans. The Seminar [redacted] cides who is to receive these scho[redacted] ships. There are no barriers based on race, creed, or political outlook.

How effective is the Seminar in providing an intellectual link between America and Western Europe—as well as with Yugoslavia, the only Communist country from which Fellows are drawn? A reading of the warmly appreciative letters from former Fellows leaves no doubt about the usefulness of this "intellectual diplomacy." But the Seminar's influence does not end with those who have participated in it. It has profoundly affected the teaching of American civilization throughout Europe. In the words of Sigmund Skard, author of a definitive monograph on American studies in Europe: "The influence of the Salzburg Seminar can hardly be overestimated. In a period when American studies were being organized all over Europe. under great difficulties and sometimes against resistance, the Seminar has served as a spearhead by offering unobtrusively to the post-war generation of European scholarship a brief and informal, but solid introduction to the field. . . Staffed by top-rate American schol[redacted] and located in a small, neutralized [redacted] tion with no political axe to grind, the Seminar has avoided the political suspicions of sceptical Europe; and the quality and objectivity of its work have ensured lasting success."

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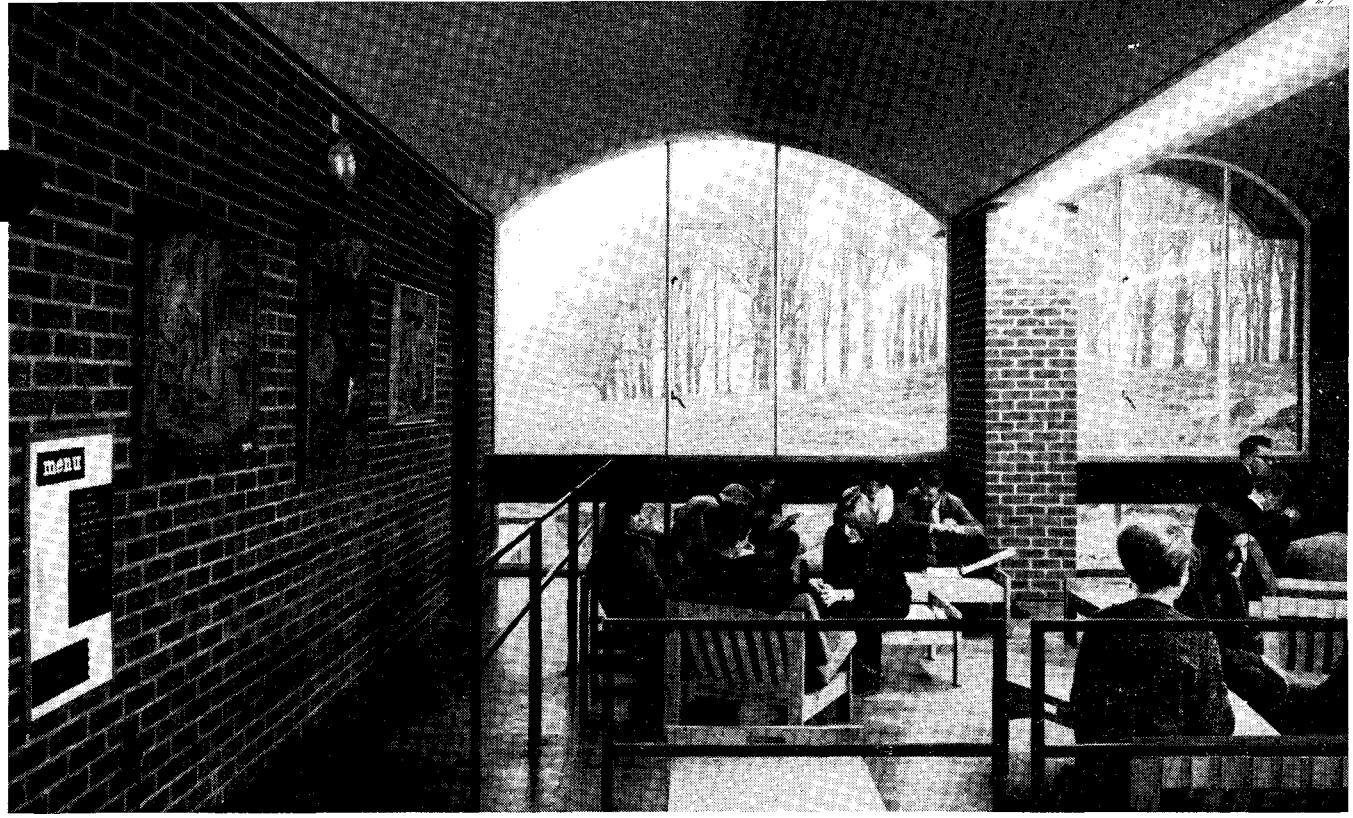

—*Henk Snoek.*

Undergraduate coffee lounge at the University of Sussex.

NEW UNIVERSITIES IN ENGLAND:

SEVEN IN THE SIXTIES

By HARRY A. REE, *Professor of Education, University of York.*

FOR about five hundred years England and Wales had two universities. The nineteenth century saw the addition of fourteen new ones; but we had to wait until half way through the twentieth century before a comparable academic eruption occurred. The first tremor came in North Staffordshire shortly after World War II when a totally residential university was founded as Keele, and now in the Sixties we are starting seven entirely new, independent universities in England.

The colleges that make up Oxford and Cambridge were founded by the nobility for educating the sons of gentlemen to serve the Church and the State. The universities of the nineteenth century were founded or initially supported, to a large extent, by men who had made fortunes in the Industrial Revolution to educate the children of the new lower middle classes, to serve industry and science. The new universities of the twentieth century are being founded by the State; they will educate children from all classes to serve no particular interest, but to serve, in one way or another, humanity.

Brighton, known as the University of Sussex, opened its doors in 1961. Norwich—known as the University of East Anglia—and York will welcome their first students this October; Lancaster, Colchester, Coventry, and Canterbury are building up their faculties and will be opening next year or the year after.

Why has this happened? Who are the new students? What are the new ideas behind this striking movement? The reasons for the greatly increased demand for university places in Great Britain are the same here as in the

Heslington Hall, a country house where the University of York will open this fall.

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United States. The number of young people between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one in Great Britain in 1955 was 1,500,000; in 1960 it was 1,600,00. In 1966, however, it will be 2,400,000, and in 1970 it will have dropped only to 2,100,000. But the increased number of those of university age is matched by the increasing number of those staying on at school until the age of eighteen, in order to qualify for university entrance. In fact, in Britain as in America, more and more people are waking up to the fact that we need to educate more and more people.

The existing universities have tried to cope with the ever increasing numbers applying for admission, but although they have increased in size they have been turning away more and more, who, in fact, reached the relatively high qualifying requirement for extrance. This is because there comes a moment when they are either unwilling or unable to expand further; unwilling, because there is a strong prejudice in Britain against very large institutions; unable, because the cost of expansion, particularly the cost of land in industrial centers, is prohibitive. It was therefore decided to found entirely new institutions.

Americans no doubt have noticed that the names of these places ring familiarly in their ears, not only echoing their history books or the pages of Shakespeare, but reminding them of the quiet country towns depicted in the brochures of British travel agencies. More than half of them are the seats of famous medieval cathedrals. The other three, Lancaster, Brighton and Colchester, are far from industrial centers. Many people have thought that this move reflects a desire on the part of English academics to get away from the world of today, and to retreat into the past, (where many Americans seem to think we still live) surrounded by Beefeaters and bishops, thatched cottages and country churches. Nothing could be further from the truth, and if it had been true, the new students themselves would have seen to it that such a retreat would be halted and reversed.

There are, however, good and simple reasons why these places were chosen, and one of the overriding ones has been the price of land. In these towns, for the most part, it is possible to acquire land, not only for immediate building, but for later expansion at a far lower cost than in the big cities where most of our universities now are. This has meant that the new universities can be planned, each as an organic unit, on a campus, instead of sprawling over a large city. A further reason, which has often been stressed by Mr. Fulton, vice-chancellor of the University of Sussex, is the presence in these smaller towns of good day schools, with high academic reputations. This is important, not because the universities expect to take students from local schools (rather the contrary, since students in England prefer to go to college away from their homes), but because the staff whom the university will want to attract will come only if they know that there is a chance of educating their children locally in good day schools.

THE new students who will be attracted to the Septet come from an interesting generation. Unlike their elder brothers and sisters who grew up in wartime, and who, after the war, seemed all too ready to accept, unquestioning, ideas and information from their teachers, these younger ones are becoming increasingly more inquisitive, less accepting, and at the same time, more responsible. One of their habits, which to some of their elders has been disconcerting, has been their tendency to break through the barriers which their parents and grandparents, their pastors and masters, have traditionally erected for them. They are breaking through the barriers of class and nationality, looking eagerly for points of contact with people of their own age wherever they may come from; they are breaking through the barriers of traditional religions and religious sects, proclaiming that the beliefs of their parents may not furnish the only road to valid religious experience.

They are even breaking down the barriers that English education, unlike any other educational system in the world, has set up in schools, between those studying art subjects and those studying science and mathematics. The Two Cultures, as defined by C.P. Snow, have their immediate origin in our schools where boys sometimes as young as fourteen have had to decide whether they should drop the sciences and concentrate on languages or history, or whether they should drop languages and history in order to concentrate on sciences and maths. Lately, however, some of the students have been revolting against such segregation, and in particular the more intelligent scientists have been insisting that they take time off from their specialist studies in order to study history and read novels. Parents, employers, and a number of teachers, both in schools and universities, have campaigned along the same lines, so that breaches have been made in the walls that surround the rigorously specialist programs offered in schools. At the same time, these young people have become increasingly interested in the world around them, and in the organization of society and in economics; an interesting side-light on this has been the increase betw[illegible] 1952 and 1961 from under 1,00[illegible] over 4,000 in the number taking e[illegible]nomics as one of their three main school subjects to qualify them for university.

This major change in attitude that is noticeable in the thinking section of the younger generation has been reflected in the type of courses offered in all universities, and also in a broadening of the entrance requirements. Naturally the new universities are able to adapt themselves most easily to such demands. Thus in the new universities the traditional single subject course is being replaced by grouped and related subjects. At Sussex, for instance, students will not take English literature alone, but will enter for a course either in Atlantic studies or European studies, where English literature and history will be studied alongside the literature and history of North America, or, with the appropriate languages, of continental Europe. Similarly grouped courses are in operation in the field of the natural sciences. General purpose courses are planned at Norwich, where Mr. Frank Thistlethwaite is the vice-chancell[illegible] an American historian who has [illegible] hand experience of American uni[illegible] sities.

NORWICH also intends to offer courses in environmental studies, comprising geology, geography, oceanography, and biology. Colchester plans to establish electronics as a major field of study along with sociology and business studies. York's program offers the opportunity for students to major in one subject and to take a related subject at the same time, e.g. English with history; history with politics; mathematics with philosophy. Further linked courses are planned as the university develops. From the beginning, open courses are being offered to students to enable them to pursue interests outside their main degree field. These will not be examined, and will take place at times when all students are free to attend. Breaking away completely from previous university practice, York is offering a subsidiary course in education that can be taken alongside any other major subject. Reflecting the interests of the age, one of the most important studies at York will be in the field of the social stud[illegible] where students will combine ec[illegible] mics, politics and sociology.

Another feature of the new Septet has been the tendency to encourage, both by the arrangement of building

(*Continued on page 50*)

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THE SECRET OF BALLIOL

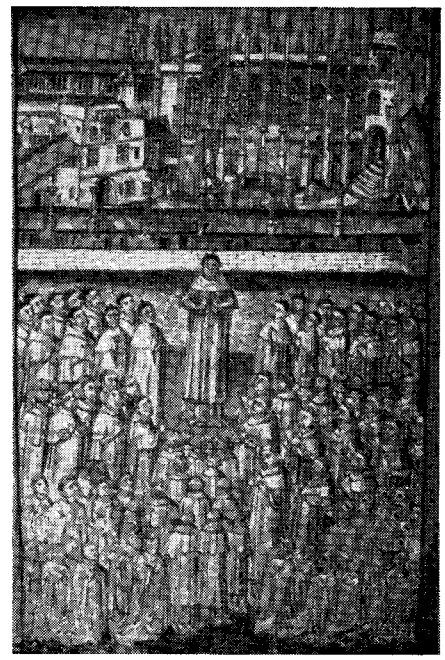
By PENN T. KIMBALL, *Professor, Columbia University, Graduate School of Journalism. A Rhodes Scholar at Balliol in 1937-39, he recently returned from attending its anniversary celebrations.*

THIS summer has marked the 700th Anniversary (1263-1963) Celebrations of Balliol College, thought by some to be the oldest institution of learning in the English-speaking world.

It is characteristic of Oxford that at least two others actively dispute Balliol's claim, and that no one has managed to produce very conclusive evidence on any side. Yet even Englishmen will agree that seven centuries is a passable length of time, and if there be merit in the Oxford system of education, Balliol personifies the affection and pride felt by every Oxford man toward his own particular college. At this hour of crisis in British higher education, however, the merits of Oxford are no longer assumed. Oxford colleges are vulnerable to the charge that they cater only to an elite when the shortage of university places is fast approaching 50,000 a year. Sir David Lindsay Keir, Master of Balliol, in an appeal this year for one million pounds to support the college, has posed the relevant questions:

"What claim has a College founded seven hundred years ago on the world of today? The present age is everywhere one of university expansion, which has come suddenly and gone ahead swiftly which means an increase in students and teachers, in range of studies, and in capital and recurrent cost, on a scale never seen before.

"Until the recent past University education in this country arose from the initiative of private benefactors; now it has become a public responsibility. As existing universities are transformed and new ones established, questions must arise about the value still attaching to institutions founded in the distant past, small in size and



—Bettmann Archive.

New College, Oxford, circa 1453—Balliol was old when it was new.

Balliol's secret—"Respect for the other fellow's right to work out his own answers to life."

—Wide World.

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unlikely to grow much further, and almost entirely dependent on their own resources."

The claim of Balliol must rest, then, on the quality of its unique contributions to society and on the argument that its present size and character are indispensable to these achievements. What is the case?

Herbert Asquith, Prime Minister of Britain and first Earl of Oxford, once described the bearing of a fellow Balliol man as that "tranquil consciousness of effortless superiority." The quotation infuriates outsiders, and Old Members of the college are diffident over its suggestion of conceit. Actually, neither Asquith nor Lord Curzon, of whom he was reputedly speaking, were judged to be arrogant men. The error was the word "effortless" to describe the assurance that is bred by Balliol's uncompromising dedication to excellence.

That Balliol men do in fact exude a certain quiet confidence was well illustrated at the 700th Anniversary festivities. To celebrate, the college authorities gallantly scheduled an open-air supper party and fireworks display on the college cricket ground. Predictably, it poured throughout the day. Cabinet members, an American college president, and the King of Norway, among others, slithered unperturbedly in the thick gumbo as if they were dining at the Savoy. A hearty cheer went up as the roman candles fizzled into the overcast. Balliol men, the Master announced, were dining snugly that night the world over; wasn't it a pity they couldn't all be here, enjoying the gala?

The British capacity for understatement makes it difficult for them to mount what is familiar to Americans as an Alumni Drive. To quote the *London Daily Telegraph*: "Everybody loves his own college best, and has good reason to do so. But just as somebody once said that a civilized man had two countries, his own and France, so Balliol men can perhaps claim that their college is the most widely known among educationalists. So let us wish Balliol's effort well. She will not provide us with an uninterrupted succession of Prime Ministers, but she has given us a little something to be proud of."

The story is told of Arthur Balfour, another Prime Minister but, alas, a Cambridge man, that he was once surprised by a Cambridge friend in Balliol's Back Quad.

"Why, what on earth are you doing here?", the friend inquired.

Replied Balfour: "I am trying to discover the secret of Balliol."

In Balfour's time, at the turn of the 20th Century, the total student body of Balliol was about 200. Even in today's postwar swollen Oxford, it barely exceeds 400, with scant room for expansion. In Balfour's generation, which included Curzon, Milner, Asquith and Grey—Balliol men all—the famous output of this tiny society was mystifying indeed, even allowing for the expressed determination of its noted Victorian Master, Benjamin Jowett, to make Balliol, as he put it, "count."

FROM Jowett's day until now, Balliol's "little something to be proud of" includes two Prime Ministers and two Lord Chancellors; four Archbishops of Canterbury, a Moderator of the Church of Scotland and a Cardinal of Rome; an editor of *The Times* and chief leader writer for the *Manchester Guardian*; the headmasters of Eton, Harrow, Rugby, and Charterhouse as well as the headships of a dozen other Oxford colleges.

Three successive Balliol men served as Viceroys of India, and, with independence, former Indian undergraduates assumed such posts as Ambassador to Washington, Minister of Finance, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Lucknow and the Governorships of Assam and Bombay.

Thirty Balliol men presently hold seats in the House of Commons. Besides Prime Minister MacMillan and five members of his Cabinet (not including the former war minister), the list also includes Jo Grimond, Parliamentary Leader of the Liberals, and at least two members of the Labour Party's shadow Cabinet. Although Labour Leader Harold Wilson is not himself a Balliol man, he has shown promise by sending up his son.

Some might be prone to say that the British Establishment is a closed society in which a Balliol graduate would have all the advantages. It is true that a substantial proportion of Balliol students are still drawn from the leading Public Schools. But it is also true that Balliol was one of the first Oxford colleges to offer scholarships open to all comers on the basis of competitive examination.

Back in the Thirties at Balliol it was not uncommon to find an Old Etonian sharing a tutorial with a 30-year-old Yorkshireman who the year before had been going to night school after a day in the mills. This intellectual democracy was reinforced by a college rule that required all students to appear personally before the Master to account for their weekly college bills. Thus, lavish entertainment by one who could afford it better than the next man on the staircase was effectively discouraged.

Other colleges at both Oxford and Cambridge are more fashionable [redacted] without doubt, more beautiful. [redacted] secret of Balliol is that it has fired the well-born and humble alike to offer service in the struggles of mankind.

It is worth noting also that the late Master of Balliol, Lord Lindsay, a Labour peer, helped pioneer the new universities of postwar Britain by spending the last years of his life in starting up Keele University on the edge of the Potteries of North Staffordshire. And the Vice-Chancellor of newly created Sussex, J. F. Fulton, is a former Balliol tutor in Modern Greats. A Balliol man heads the older, provincial University of Birmingham and still another holds the Vice-Chancellorship of Oxford, itself. It is typical of Balliol that it should thus be engaged on all the fronts of British higher education, riding the crest of change while striving to preserve that of value in the old.

Ferment has never been foreign to Balliol. In the Junior Common Room before the war a Jew and an Arab, a Frenchman and a German, a Japanese and a Chinese could be heard debating the world crisis. The debate was likely to be sharp, but [redacted] acrimonious. It was considered [redacted] form to jump somebody down just [redacted] cause he was advancing an unpopular, even foolish, point of view. One had to argue one's point across with reason, for if there was any dogma at all in Balliol it was a belief in the power of rational man.

WHEN one asks a present-day undergraduate to name the outstanding quality of the college, the answer, interestingly, is still "tolerance—tolerance of dress, of non-conforming ideas, respect for the other fellow's right to work out his own answers to life."

The cosmopolitan character of the college has undoubtedly contributed to this spirit. Balliol showed the way in opening its doors to colored students from the Colonies and beyond. The old taunt flung across the wall from neighboring Trinity—"Balliol, show us your white man"—is an anachronism in today's world. Fittingly, a Balliol Rhodes Scholar on the bench of the U.S. Supreme Court, Mr. Justice John M. Harlan, helped formulate the 1954 school desegregation decision, and another Balliol Rhodes Scholar, the Deputy U.S. Attorney General Nich[redacted] Katzenbach, this year faced down [redacted] Governor of Alabama on the Univer[redacted]sity steps at Tuscaloosa.

The dialogue of reason is likely to thrive in a company small enough that it cannot divide itself into cliques for

(*Continued on page* 50)

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Filling in the Spaces

The following example of the art of programed instruction was prepared by Melvin W. Lackey of the U.S. Naval Dental School in Bethesda, a professional programer, for the edification of his colleagues. It originally appeared as a "workbook" consisting of what programers call "frames"—a series of cards arranged in sequence.

1

HELLO THERE!

We want to show you a sample of your new lesson guide.
You will be using this new lesson guide and we think you will be happier if you know how it works.
So please go on to the next card.

2

VERY GOOD!

We asked you to go on to the next card, which is this one, and you did.
That's just fine.
You are doing very well.
Now please go on to the next card.

3

FINE!

Here you are on the third card already.
Now we can start the game. Here is how we play it.
Each card has lots of words on it, telling you something.
But some of the words will be left out, and you will have to fill them in. Like on the next card.
Go on to it, please.

4

DANDY!

So when you see a space where a word should be, you fill it in. With your pencil.
When the word is left out, you will see a space_____
Write the word in the _____
And go on to the next card.

5

WHOOPS!

Did you write anything in the _____?
You were bad and did not follow instructions.
You must not think you are so smart.
You must do what we say and write the w____ in the space. And then go on to the next card where you will see the missing word at the top.
Like on the next card.

6

WORD

That is very good.
Did you write it tiny so that it fit the space?
All right. Now we will sum up what we have said and get on with the lesson guide.
Next card pl____

7

PLEASE

On each card of the lesson guide, there will be a missing word. Where the word is missing, there will be a space for you to fill in.
You will go from card to card, filling in the spaces. With words.
Perhaps you've caught on by now. You f__ in the spaces.

8

FILL

Perhaps, too, you are rather tired of filling in the spaces.
Perhaps you think you don't learn so much by f____ in the sp____

9

FILLING IN THE SPACES

Perhaps you think there's something more to learning than just filling in the spaces.
If so, you are a real s_____ o_____ b_____

10

SHREWD OBSERVER, BUSTER

Because there is.

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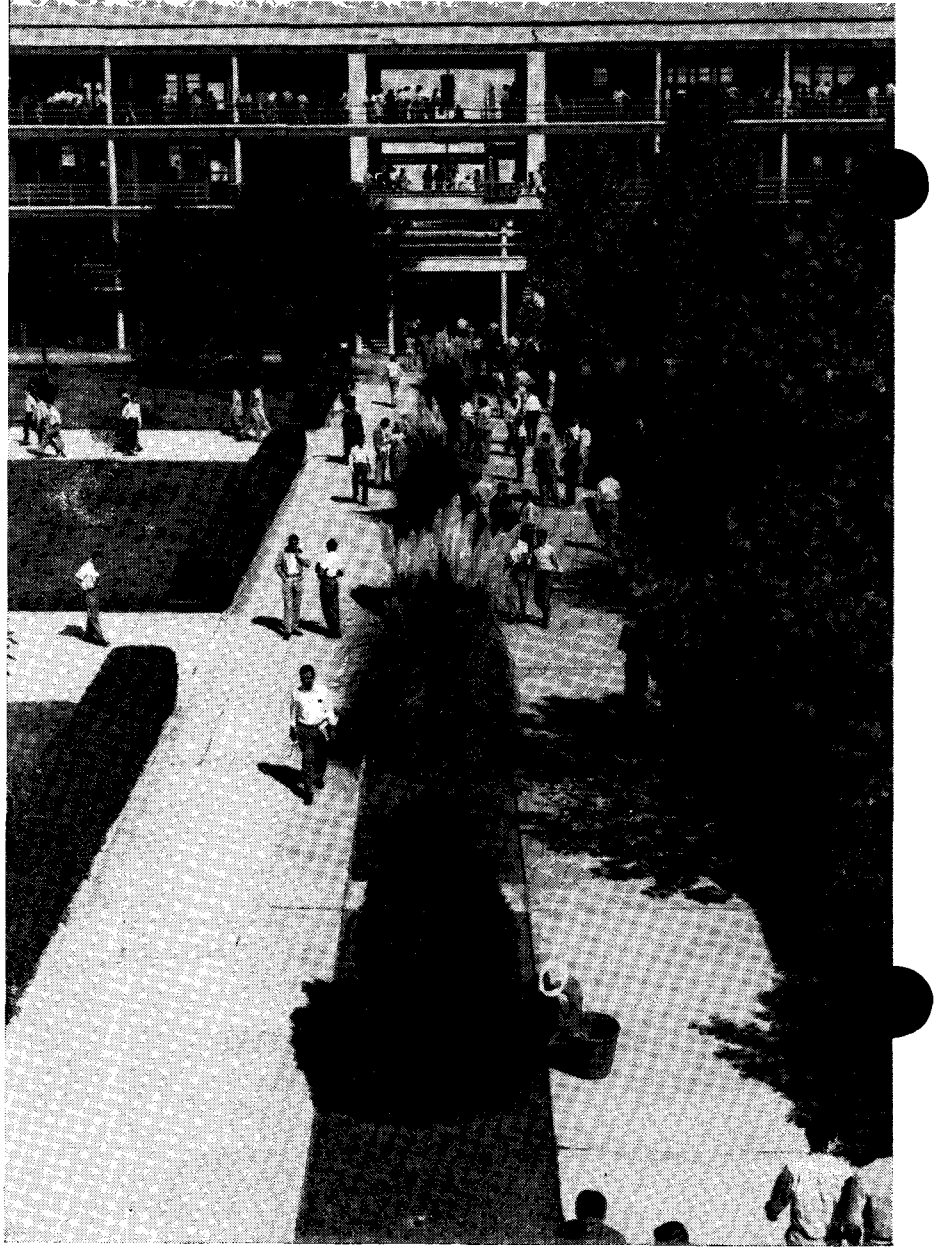
MEXICO'S M.I.T.

By PETRA DUFFETT, *a housewife in Chappaqua, New York, who lived in Monterrey from 1947 to 1952 and escorted high school groups to the Institute's Summer School there in 1960 and 1962.*



"To develop true men and fine professionals."

SOUTHEAST of Monterrey, Mexico under the shadow of Saddle Mountain, a mosaic of modern buildings in native stone and tile stands upon an oasis of green grass. Here is the Monterrey Institute of Technology, Mexico's first campus-type university, the achievement of business and industrial leaders of Monterrey. Unhampered by governmental controls, *Technológico has been free to set* standards and to adopt educational methods customary in the United States, but extraordinary in the traditional universities of Latin America. Full-time professors, quizzes, report cards, English text books, punctual classes, dormitories, lack of student strikes—these are a few of the features that have made the *Instituto Tecnológico y de Estudios Superiores de Monterrey* a leader in education south of the border and qualified its graduates for responsible positions in science, agriculture, business, and industry.

The Establishment of the M.I.T. of Mexico in 1943 was the realization of a dream of a 1913 graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Eugenio Garza Sada, now chairman of the board of the Instituto Tecnológico and head of a progressive industrial complex of Monterrey. Since the founding of the National University in 1551, higher education in Mexico had been chiefly dedicated to law, medicine, philosophy, and literature. Only a few Mexicans studied engineering and business abroad. But in the early 1940s Mexico's growing economy urgently demanded trained personnel and educated leaders. This was the time for Don Eugenio to persuade twenty-seven distinguished professional and business men of Monterrey to found a non-profit organization called "Higher Education and Investigation,"—their motto—"To develop true men and fine professionals," their first goal—the establishment and support of the Instituto Tecnológico, their second goal—a center of industrial research.

Although M.I.T. was its inspiration, the *Instituto Tecnológico is different,* for it has retained a tradition of Latin culture and humanities. One of its professors, writing in 1955 an article for *Americas,* "Monterrey Tech—a Revolution in Mexican Education," stated that Tecnológico's goal was the creation of a new professional man who "represents a radical change in national attitudes and aims. Mexico is no longer content just to dream of romantic ideals and produce poets, orators, or historians, although it continues to encourage art strongly. A realistic objective spirit predominates in the vigorous drive to solve knotty technical problems, boost productivity, develop industry, stimulate pure and applied research. Above and beyond all these outward manifestations there is a genuine love of truth, a firm fa[ith] in the country, Mexico, and its dest[iny], a desire for universal solidarity and peace based on mutual understanding, a profound belief that in knowledge lies freedom."

Today the Monterrey Institute of

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Technology is an international university. Twelve per cent of the students in the professional schools come from outside of Mexico. The U.S. Agency for International Development assists students from various republics of Latin America to study engineering, business, science, and agriculture at Tec. Also, under the auspices of the Carnegie Foundation, twelve juniors from Case Institute and the University of Wisconsin are preparing in Tec engineering courses for work in Spanish speaking countries. Moreover, Tec's membership in the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools has encouraged many U.S. graduate, college, and high school students to attend the summer session in Monterrey.

The Instituto Tecnológico is international in a second respect—a large number of its faculty have studied abroad. Its unusual graduate study program was cited by our state department in a *Bulletin* of June 1960. "Tecnológico encourages faculty members to apply for foreign scholarships, assures reemployment of grantees for a specified number of years, pays supplementary costs not covered by their grants, and assumes complete financial support of their families during the course of study—which might be as much as three years for a doctoral degree." Such a program has strengthened the faculty each year, and Tec is now qualified to offer graduate courses in agriculture, electronics, civil engineering and chemistry.

Compared to the teeming government universities of Latin America, the Instituto Technológico, with 5000 students, is small.

There are waiting lists for admission to Tecnológico despite the fact that only 30 per cent of those who enter are able to finish the demanding courses, and the tuition is high in contrast to the government universities. Resident students pay up to $1300 (dollars) a year at Tecnológico. It has been called a rich man's school, but 25 per cent of the students have some form of scholarship and work on the campus. Financing Tec's scholarship and building program and paying high faculty salaries (unusual in Mexico for they are comparable to earnings in industry or law) has been a challenge to the astute business leaders of Monterrey. Of necessity, in 1943 classes began in colonial homes and an old bank building, but within a year the board of directors raised sufficient funds to build classrooms and dormitories. Since then there has been constant construction on the campus, and buildings are still on the drawing boards.

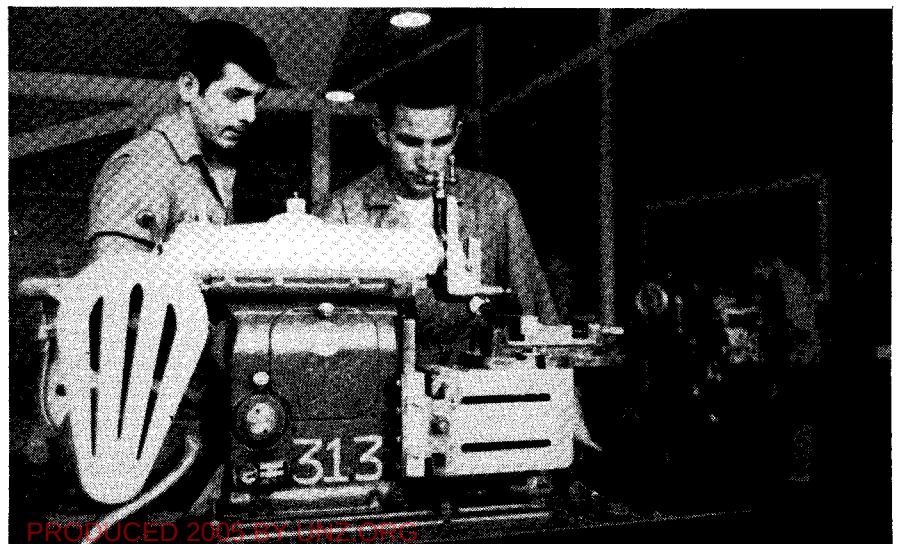
The same group of men who raised money for buildings stand behind the annual four-million-peso budget deficit. But a large number of people of Monterrey, proud of the Institute Tecnológico, support Tec also by the purchase of lottery tickets. Each summer a caravan of automobiles is raffled, and the winter lottery features a beautiful home or apartment designed and built by the engineering and architectural departments of the university. The $100 peso raffle tickets are limited in number, and through their sale, Tec nets a million pesos twice a year. Leaders of Monterrey's industrial and professional world also back special projects at Tec through a system of committees or *patronatos*. When Tec needed a stadium, Hernán Sada Gomez headed the "patronato pro-estadio" which sold 100 seats at $1000 pesos. Such special interest groups have developed the athletic program and instituted, among others, a course in cattle management. Gifts in kind have also helped Tec—from machinery and laboratory equipment to world famous collections of books. Tec's Cervantina Library contains 340 different editions of Don Quixote, the world's largest collection of books in native Mexican languages, and a number of rare volumes and manuscripts from the time of Cortes. Tec needs a larger working library, however, and could use books in English and Spanish to supplement its courses in liberal arts, engineering, architecture and business.

Like all colleges, Tec would welcome more financial support. Unlike private universities in the United States, it has no endowments. Its alumni are young men with growing families. They have not yet reached a point where they might be able to contribute substantially to their alma mater. Also Mexico lacks the tax incentives for educational giving which exist in the United States.

Despite the lack of endowment, the Instituto Tecnológico continues to improve and expand. To date, eleven dormitories have been built, and the resident students are unique in Mexico. Tec is concerned with their physical, mental, and moral well-being. There are strict rules for behavior, and expulsion faces those who break them. Since the professors devote full time to their classes, the studies are demanding, and the students have no time for the political activities, riots, and strikes common at some Latin American universities. Tec students are concerned instead with success in the rigid standard courses of Tecnológico, designed to train them for responsible positions that they will meet early in life in Mexico's fast expanding economy. Specialized courses are, however, not considered enough. A history of western civilization and professional ethics are required for all at Tec, and engineering students must also take economics and labor law.

Extra curricular activities also are important. The athletic program is in-

"Tec students are concerned with success in the rigid standard courses."



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tramural and also binational. Tec competes in American football and basketball with Rice University and other Texas colleges, and in the spring, track men participate in the Border Olympics at Laredo. Art exhibits and concerts are planned for both students and the people of Monterrey by the Sociadad Artistica Tecnológico, founded in 1948 by the dean of the engineering school, Jose Amores. Among the concerts this year were the Chamber Orchestra from the Festival at Lucerne and José Greco. A Tec lecture series provides conferences ranging from nuclear physics and meteorology to journalism and Cervantes. Architectural students have organized an unusual group, Poesia, S.A., presenting poetry readings for the pleasure of engineering students and chemists as well as the students of literature.

Cultural fuctions are well attended by the *Regiomontanos*, as the people of Monterrey are called. They also study at Tec's Extension School in downtown Monterrey. There in an old home, doctors and lawyers, secretaries and accountants meet at seven A.M. to study English. In the evening there are adult classes in languages and literature taught by the faculty of Tec's school of modern languages. Tec hopes in a few years to have a modern language and cultural center in downtown Monterrey.

Less educated people of Monterrey also study at Tec in its vocational school. Men working during the day go to night courses in accounting, mechanics, industrial drawing, electrical installations, auto mechanics, and soldering. Scholarships are given by local industries that need skilled employees, and through this program many Mexican families are enjoying a better income and a higher standard of living. Assistance is given to industry and to workers of Monterrey also through Tec's Department of Safety, an organization striving to eliminate accidents in factories.

Tecnológico is linked with the industries of Monterrey and is contributing to the area's economic development through two other organizations—the Centro de Productividad and the Instituto de Investigaciones Industriales. The Monterrey branch of the Centro de Productividad is a part of a program established under the International Cooperation Administration in 1955 to raise the standard of living and develop the natural resources of Mexico and other countries. Since Monterrey is an industrial area, there the Centro de Productividad has been particularly interested in sales, administration, and personnel. Believing that a country's major resources is its people, these Mexicans have been concerned with the human element in banking, industry, and commerce. U.S. professors have helped Mexican professors with conferences and roundtable discussions for supervisors from various levels of responsibility assisting them to teach their subordinates and to work better with them.

The Centro has also sponsored "Executive Retreats" at Cola de Caballo, a nearby resort, where experts from the United States, Mexico, and Europe, discuss with the top industrialists of Monterrey, the problems of administration and industry. Now in turn Mexicans are aiding with similar programs in other cities of northern Mexico, and also in Guatamala, Panama, Honduras, Nicaragua, Columbia, Ecuador, and El Salvador.

There is international cooperation also between the Instituto Tecnológico de Monterrey and the Southwest Research Institute of San Antonio. The two have formed a nonprofit research organization, the Institute of Industrial Investigations designed to provide research and development services to promote the economic growth of Mexico. The I.I.I. utilizes the laboratories of Tec, and professors and students together perform confidential work for industrial, agricultural, and mining concerns. One Tec expedition traveled through the states of Chihuahua, Sonora, and Nayarit, inquiring of primitive Indian tribes the plants used for medicinal purposes. These were then collected and dried, and in the Tec labs substances were extracted from leaves, barks, seeds, and flowers of northern Mexico, then sent for further research to a U.S. pharmaceutical company.

A GROUP of local industries supported a monumental research program on the resources of the state of Nuevo Leon in which Monterrey is located. The results were published in an enormous volume, and analyze natural resources, human resources, communications, power, roads, family incomes, and housing. Charts show land use, public construction, rainfall, and many other aspects of the state. The leaders of Monterrey now feel they have a basis upon which intelligent industrial, social, and economic decisions can be made and consider this study important not only for the industrial growth of the area, but as an example to other states.

Similarly, industries have combined forces through I.I.I. to back studies to solve specific problems in the Monterrey area. The Institute of Industrial Investigation has reported on n[redacted] products for export to the Uni[redacted] States and for trade with Latin Amer[redacted]ica. It has tackled the problem of industrial wastes—serious in the fast growing city of Monterrey whose population has doubled in the past ten years, from 4,000,000 to 8,000,000 people. To help feed them, the I.I.I. is working with Tec's Agricultural College surveying other semi-desert areas of the world in a search for improved methods of agriculture, irrigation, and soil control.

The influence of the Agricultural College is felt beyond the Monterrey region and beyond the borders of Mexico. It was founded in 1948 to investigate agricultural problems and to teach new concepts of agriculture, and since the principles of basic agriculture are universal, students come to Tec from all parts of Latin America. They are learning to combat the mismanagement of soil and water, diseases and plagues of plants, and are helping to develop the best possible seeds for specific areas. Tec's success with rust-resistant wheat and hybrid corn is a major achievement, and farmers in the difficult growing ar[redacted] around Monterrey can now purch[redacted] improved seeds at Tec's seed ba[redacted] with the assistance of government loans if necessary. Abuse and drought have spoiled the land around Monterrey for anything but goat raising, but Tec hopes to restore it for cattle. Buffel grass from Australia and Sudan grass from Africa are being tested at Tec's experimental farm, and recommended for fodder is a native bush, "herb of the wild horse" which grows six feet tall in two years under the most adverse conditions. Since water is a major problem in the area, students are investigating the minimum water requirements of important plants.

Information obtained by students and professors is disseminated widely through conferences, demonstrations, bulletins, and by the answering of inquiries. Tecnológico's Agricultural College has been a leader in research and extension work, and through a knowledge of new methods of agriculture, farmers are achieving success in a difficult farming area. A grant from the Rockefeller Foundation has aided this work, and the dean of the agricultural college, Ing. Leonel Robles was formerly with the Rockefeller p[redacted] gram in Mexico.

Tec agricultural students have recently focused attention on a small village thirty miles north of Monterrey. Salinas Victoria, founded in 1780, has

(*Continued on page* 51)

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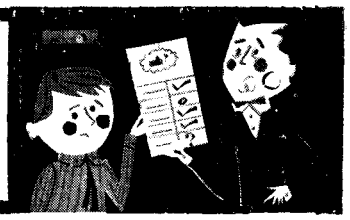
Report Card



"A KIND OF HEAVENLY DESTINY." Parents trying to help their youngsters get into college often search desperately for some clue to the magic formula used by admissions officers in making their selections. Mrs. Dorothy B. Sutherland, New York publicity representative for the University of Chicago Press, thinks she may have stumbled onto something. "Some time ago," she writes, "when my daughter was filling in one of those College Entrance Examination Board applications that are a necessary prelude to sitting the tests, I noticed that in one corner, information was requested as to father's and mother's *month* of birth. Not year. This led me to wonder whether the whole mystery of college acceptance lies here. Perhaps, in borderline cases, the Deans of Admission resort to astrology and decide whether or not this would be a good year to admit the offspring of a union between a Pisces and a Taurus. (I should add that my daughter did get in to one of the colleges of her choice so this reflection does not spring from a feeling that we, personally, were star-crossed.)"

ANY QUESTIONS? The Educational Supplement of the *Times* of London recently reprinted without comment the following excerpt from the Cambridge Board O level English literature examination:

SECTION A.

Answer at least THREE questions (but not more than FOUR) from this section, selecting your questions from at least TWO books (but not more than THREE).

You MUST answer ONE of the context questions numbered 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21. You may, if you wish, answer TWO but not more than TWO of these.

N.B.—Candidates may answer questions EITHER on The Merchant of Venice, OR on Romeo and Juliet, but not on both.

DEUCES AND ONE-EYED JACKS. In "The Academic Poker Game" (*SR*, June 15) Professor David B. Johnson of the University of Wisconsin likened the strategy of winning a salary increase to a game of draw poker. Now comes evidence that there may be some wild cards in the game. The *Bulletin* of the American Association of University Professors, in its report on the economic status of the profession in 1962-63, published what it said was "only a partial list" of the fringe benefits that colleges and universities make available to faculty members, and that some of them think ought to be included in compensation figures:

- Membership in the local country club
- Free hot breakfasts
- Free lunches
- Burial plots (offered to the faculty member but not to his family)
- Subsidized laundry
- Discounts on milk
- Uniform allowance
- Use of the ski lodge and rope tow
- Free camp sites
- Use of the campus golf course, swimming pool, and squash courts
- Free tickets to athletic events, concerts, and dramatic productions
- Hanging of screens and storm windows
- Free baby-sitters
- Discounts on purchases of rugs, furniture, and appliances
- Choice dahlia bulbs

. . . HE ADDED, SOLICITOUSLY. According to the Associated Press, the following advertisement appeared recently in a Bonn newspaper: "Needy student pleads for assistance. Send contribution to Deutsche Bank, account number 38749."

THE INSIDE STORY. Mr. Andre C. Haran, a teacher at Washington Junior High School in Salinas, California, has sent us the following verbatim book report, which he received from one of his seventh-grade students:

"This book is about Horace Mann, father of American Schools, who when he struggled for his education developed the public school system. He wanted not only the rich children to get an education but also the poor. He also wanted to develop more and better schools for the public's children.

"The reason for all of this is when he became secretary of state school board of Massachusetts. This was his great chance for he could talk to the people about education and they had to listen. He made speeches on how education could help the country and the people too and that it should be for everyone. But the people disagreed with him and liked their schools the way they were run. Mann never gave up the idea of equality in schools and kept on fighting for what he thought was right. Finally the public agreed to change their minds and soon more and better schools were being built but what made Horace Mann really happy was that there was now lots of equality in the schools where before all the kids got was an education.

"In my opinion students should read this book for it explains how fortunate they are to get an education while many boys and girls then couldn't for they were too poor to afford it. It also explains Mann was able to develop so education could be free to the public which we are now fortunate to have."

NO COMMENT. At Sul Ross State College in southwest Texas, the placement office recently received a mimeographed notice announcing the following teaching vacancies in the nearby town of Post (pop. 4,663):

ELEMENTARY VACANCIES:
(SALARY $400 above State Schedule)
Two First-Grade Teachers
One Third-Grade Teacher
One Fourth-Grade Teacher

JUNIOR HIGH VACANCIES:
Two Junior-High Math Teachers (Salary $400 above)
One Junior-High Science Teacher (Salary $400 above)
One Junior-High Boy's Coach & P. E. Teacher (Salary will be $1,150 above state schedule)

HIGH SCHOOL VACANCIES:
One High School English Teacher ($400 above)
One Chemistry-Physics Teacher ($400 above)
One Spanish Teacher ($400 above)
One Girls' P. E. and Basketball Coach (Woman) (Salary will be $1,100 above state schedule)

—JOHN SCANLON.

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AMERICAN SCHOOLS OVERSEAS

Last fall the Defense Department asked a team of six education experts to survey the schools maintained by the armed services for the children of military personnel around the world, and to make recommendations for their improvement. Edward J. Meade, Jr., program associate in education for the Ford Foundation, was a member of the team, which spent two and a half months visiting ninety schools in ten nations.

By EDWARD J. MEADE, JR.

THE NINTH largest public school system in the United States is *not* in the United States at all. Almost 160,000 American youngsters now attend more than 290 American public schools in Europe, Asia, Africa, and the islands of the seas. These children are the sons and daughters of American military and civilian personnel serving overseas with our armed forces. They spend almost half of their school lives in such places as the far reaches of Labrador, the deserts of Ethiopia, the fertile farms of West Germany, the crowded suburbs of Tokyo, the steaming islands of the Philippines, and on the "edge of war" at Guantanamo Bay in Cuba. And they, too, must be educated, wherever they may be.

At the end of World War II, the military services began to set up schools for the children of Americans serving with the military services overseas. Since that time, these schools have grown into a school system that spans three continents and educates 160,000 children. The statistics alone are impressive. Today, there are more than 7,000 teachers and other professional persons staffing nearly 300 schools in more than twenty-five nations. Geographically, no school system takes in a larger area. And few public schools have to provide transportation that involves not only buses, but also launches, rickshaws, pedicabs, trains, and even planes.

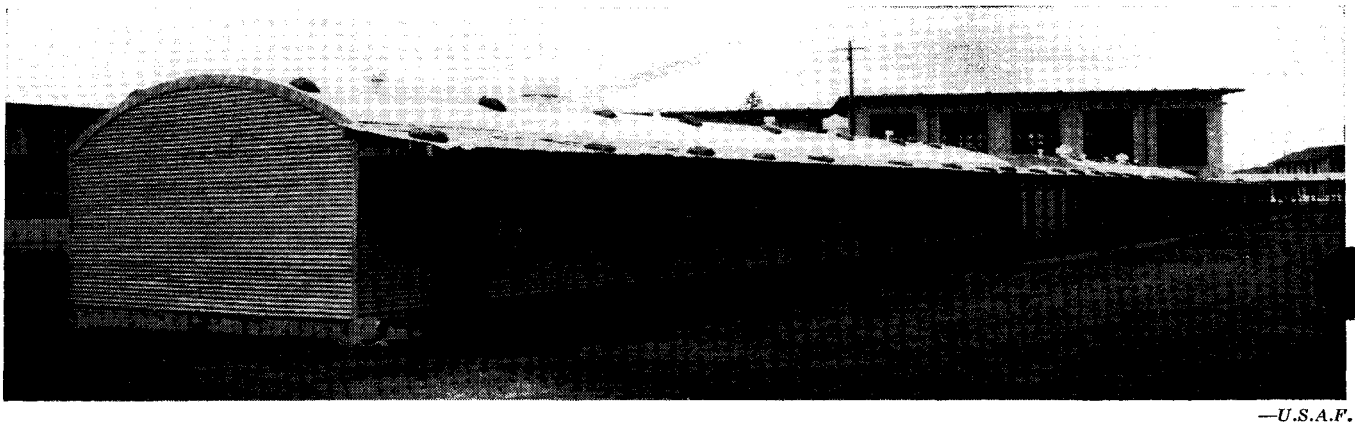
The schools developed along military lines. Each service—Army, Navy, and Air Force—maintains its own independent system. Therefore, there is not a single overseas dependent school system; rather, there are three.

Each of these school systems is broken into regions or districts. In Europe, the U.S. Army has a single system headed by a general superintendent. He directs a staff of specialists—curriculum consultants, administrative and fiscal officers—and oversees a series of school districts each headed by a district or area superintendent. In each district, there are a number of schools—elementary, junior high and senior high. These schools are located where military dependents live, whether it be on the base, in housing areas, or, in some instances, near a concentration of families living in foreign communities. The Air Force in Europe has a similar organization serving its dependents in some of the same geographic areas as the Army in Europe.

Each school or cluster of schools has a civilian head—the principal—and a military counterpart called the schools officer, who represents the base commander. The commander is ultimately responsible for the schools under his jurisdiction. Generally, the schools officer works with the school prinicipal on logistical matters of supply, facilities, materials, and financing rather than on educational program affairs.

Naturally, the rapid growth of these unique schools and their overseas military setting offer both opportunities and problems. The opportunities for study in different cultures and environments are obvious. The problems of relating to temporary communities—overseas military bases—are less obvious but no less real. The basic prob grows out of the low priority th schools command as adjuncts of military bases. The primary mission of the armed services overseas is to maintain the peace, not to keep school. Therefore, it is not surprising that official concern for the schools is often diverted by other considerations that necessarily take precedence. Nevertheless, these schools do "keep" and it is to the credit of the teachers and the military men behind them that they do.

The youngsters who attend these schools look and act very much like children in most schools here in the States. Literally, they represent a cross-section of all the races, creeds, religions, colors, and points of view in America. The unique characteristic they have in



—*U.S.A.F.*

"Unique educational opportunities as well as some special problems."

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common is that they have had an opportunity to see much of the world. It is not unusual to find a youngster in the sixth grade who is attending his eighth school on his third continent. He may have started school in Japan, returned to the States where he attended several schools, went off to India, came back to the States, and is now in a school in Germany. These children are accustomed to packing up and moving on. Their rate of adjustment is impressive, but mobility also brings problems, just as it does for youngsters who are constantly uprooted and moved to other schools in the States.

Wide travel offers opportunities, too. Some of these children have *lived* history, and have come to understand geography and cultural differences at first hand. Many of them are far more sensitive to differences in culture, and far more ready to understand the contrasts between the Eastern and Western worlds than are most American youngsters—or than their parents are.

What do these schools hope to teach their peripatetic scholars? Just as the students resemble a cross-section of America, the program of these schools closely resembles the curriculum in a typical American school. There is the usual range of courses in the various subject areas, and the extra curricular program is as wide and as varied as that in many American schools.

However, they have opportunities to offer programs unequaled by schools here in the States. Opportunities to learn the French language and French culture ought to be better in Paris than in Red Bank, New Jersey. An understanding of the Oriental way of life should be better gained in the Yoyogi School outside Tokyo than in Cook County, Illinois.

Opportunities to acquire foreign languages and to gain an understanding of other cultures are abundant, and some excellent programs are being developed. For example, in the schools in Germany, youngsters are studying under teachers certified by the German Ministry of Education who are loaned to the American schools. Not only do the pupils get a first-hand taste of the language, but the courses are designed to give a clear understanding of German life and culture as well.

The peripheral advantages for the youngsters in the overseas schools are also notable. Talk to children in the Army's American Dependents School in Paris about international problems—the Common Market, Berlin, Algeria—they are knowledgeable and concerned. Many of these schools have also arranged exchanges with the local schools. It is not uncommon, for example, to find classes from Spanish schools in Madrid being exchanged with American schools there. The same situation is true in the islands of the Pacific—the Philippines and Okinawa. This is the bright side—schools taking advantage of the unique opportunities they have because they are where they are. The dark side is that so many schools fail to take full advantage of the unique opportunities they enjoy.

What about the teachers who staff these schools? Here is an "unscientific" description of a "typical" overseas teacher: To begin with, the teacher is a woman—about seven out of ten overseas teachers are women. She is single, in her late twenties or early thirties. Before going overseas she had taught for some three, five, or perhaps seven years. No part of the country can claim a great proportion of overseas teachers, but for some unexplained reason, Californians are over-represented.

MOST overseas teachers come from small towns or from rural areas rather than from cities. They are recruited nationally by teams of recruiters from the various armed services. It is not uncommon to have all three services competing for the same teacher in the same place, all of them saying, "Come overseas and teach for us." Salary schedules are determined by Congress, so all must offer the same salary for the same experience and training. (The National Education Association, last spring warned prospective teachers against accepting positions in overseas schools because of Congress's failure to appropriate funds for higher teachers' salaries.) The only other inducements the services can offer are: Come to Spain, or come find out what it is like in the mysterious Orient and teach for us in Taiwan, or come to Okinawa where the man to woman ratio is especially desirable. Obviously there is a need for some centralized recruiting and steps are now being taken to bring about coordination at the recruiting level.

Overseas teachers seem to have a sense of adventure, or a higher degree of independence than most. Most of them go overseas because they want to see another part of the world. A small number go for other reasons: to escape from a wide range of personal to professional problems. As with other Americans who have gone overseas, there are always some who are looking for success because they have failed at home. But the general level of teachers in the overseas dependents schools is a cut above the average in the States.

What is it like to be a teacher in an overseas dependents school? A teacher who has applied for such a job will likely receive a telegram sometime in late spring or early summer telling her that she has forty-eight hours to make up her mind whether she wants to teach in France. She answers "yes."

Overseas she goes—by plane or by ship. When she arrives she is usually met at the pier or the airport by someone representing the schools. At this point, she learns what her assignment is to be. She was asked how she would like to teach in France, and equated that with Paris, but now finds that she is off to someplace called Dreux or Chateauroux. The Londons, Bermudas, Munichs, Tokyos, and Yokahamas are assignments which are worked up to through an informal seniority system. Beginners usually start out in what the teachers call the "boondock" schools—isolated schools in remote areas. Those who wish to transfer after a year may try. The usual step is one of degree, from a boondock school to a less "boondocky" one. Later, a teacher may be assigned to one of the more familiar

(*Continued on page 52*)

The NEA's View

". . . The Association commends the U.S. Department of Defense for recently conducting a comprehensive survey of these schools, as recommended in previous resolutions by the Association.

"The Association deplores, however, the failure of the Department of Defense to request Congress for the funds needed to carry out the recommendations of the survey. Public Law 86-91, which requires that overseas teachers' salaries be kept in line with salaries of teachers in the United States, continues to be broken because of lack of funds. Inadequate school facilities, overcrowded classrooms, and limited educational programs are also the results of fiscal policies which work against the best interests of the American children and teachers overseas, and against a favorable interpretation of American education in the 26 countries where these schools exist."

—From a resolution adopted by the Representative Assembly of the National Education Association at the NEA's 101st annual convention in July.

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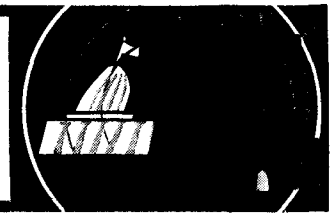
While School Keeps



ROMAN CATHOLIC PARENTS who send their children to parochial schools have always assumed that the experience would have some important effects on their attitudes and behavior, both religious and secular. But there has been little hard evidence to back up parental faith. Now a nation-wide survey of Catholics will attempt to measure the lasting impact of parochial education on individual lives to determine whether it does, in fact, impart a special moral flavor.

The study is designed to compare Catholics who attended public schools with those who attended parochial schools to learn how the two groups differ in religious practices, occupational achievement, attitudes toward work and education, attitudes on public issues, and the degree of participation in community life. Parents of parochial school and public school children will also be studied to determine why some choose one and some the other.

The study will be made by the National Opinion Research Center of The University of Chicago, in cooperation with the University of Notre Dame, financed by a grant of $136,000 from the Carnegie Corporation. It will be directed by Andrew M. Greeley, a member of the Center staff and a Catholic priest. A committee of prominent Catholic and non-Catholic scholars will work with the director and the Center. The new study will supplement an earlier factual study of Catholic education, initiated some months ago at the University of Notre Dame.

Detailed comparisons of attitudes and behavior of Catholic students who attended parochial schools and Catholics who attended public schools should be revealing. The results will, obviously, be of great interest to parochial educators and Catholics generally; any identifiable differences should be no less interesting to non-Catholics and public school educators. Results of the study will be available in about eighteen months.

FEDERAL AID to higher education may be a subject for debate in some quarters, but for many colleges and universities it is a fundamental fact of life. For them the question is not whether the federal government does contribute to their support, or whether it should, but whether federal funds are distorting their institutions and their educational programs.

A number of studies of the impact of federal funds on higher education have attested to the importance of the subject. Now a new look at the issue is contained in a report of twenty-six self-studies by twenty-three colleges and universities (four campuses of the University of California made separate self-studies) Titled *Twenty-six Campuses and the Federal Government*, the report was sponsored by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, and published in the April, 1963 issue of *The Educational Record* (American Council on Education, 1785 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington 36, D.C., $1.50), released just last month.

The basic facts indicate the dimensions of the issue. The federal government now spends between $1 billion and $2 billion annually on higher education (the exact amount depends on whether dormitory loans and student fellowships and scholarships are included). This total represents a modest contribution to the current income of the nation's approximately 2,000 accredited institutions of higher learning (17 per cent in 1957-58). But these funds are by no means evenly distributed. In 1959, for instance, "more than 93 per cent of the federal funds for research, graduate fellowships, and grants for facilities and equipment and 88 per cent of the money for 'education and training' went to only 100 institutions."

Of the twenty-six campuses included in the current report, many of them among the nation's leading institutions of higher learning, the impact varied enormously. Receipts from the federal government, as a percentage of total expenditures for "educational and general purposes" ranged from 7.3 per cent at Indiana University and 9.2 per cent at Penn State, to 76.1 at the University of California at San Diego, 47.9 per cent at Cal Tech and 47.8 per cent at Stanford. The dependence of individual departments on federal funds, especially science departments, is even more striking.

Obvious benefits flow from this massive infusion of federal funds. Among those cited by the twenty-six campuses are:

- Research capacities have been enlarged and improved.
- Faculties, particularly in the [redacted] ences, have benefited.
- Graduate students have benefited, and postdoctoral fellows have been provided for.
- Physical plant and equipment have been enlarged and improved.
- Summer salaries for faculty members have been made possible.

At the same time, the institutions cited "areas of deep concern" about the effect that federal funds might have on them as educational institutions. Among the areas of concern are:

- The government does not pay the full costs of many activities it supports. Therefore, the institution must divert substantial sums of its own funds from other academic areas to the government supported areas. The result is an imbalance in favor of the science departments which receive the great bulk of federal funds.
- Similarly, federal funds for construction of research facilities are often given on a matching basis and the receiving institution must divert its own funds from projects which might otherwise have high priority.
- Federal interest focuses primar[redacted] on research activities rather than teaching. As a result, the balance in emphasis between teaching and research and between undergraduate and graduate programs may be destroyed.
- The availability of federal funds exerts influence on graduate students and their choice of fields, and research proposals tend to be designed for areas known to be well financed rather than in areas of special interest or competence of the researcher.

There seems little doubt, also, that federal funds have changed the relative emphasis on science, the humanities, and the social sciences in some institutions. Whether education programs have been "distorted" or thrown "out of balance" is as much a question of educational philosophy as it is a matter of fact, since there has never been wide agreement on the ideal balance among the arts and sciences and professional studies. And there is much to be said for achieving excellence wherever and whenever possible. Lack of money can stunt and distort an ed[redacted] cation program as seriously as a factor. As Carter Davidson, preside[redacted] of Union College, noted in his institution's self-study: "I would rather strengthen a portion of a faculty who were capable of obtaining government grants than suffer balanced mediocrity

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throughout the faculty without government grants."

Twenty-six Campuses and the Federal Government gives clear evidence that the nation's colleges and universities are aware of the problems resulting from receipt of federal funds—especially those supporting research projects. But the report, based as it is on self-studies by institutions receiving government support, ignores a companion issue. Federal funds for research and related activities tend to flow toward the large, strong colleges and universities, making them even larger and stronger. As a result, the gap between the "have" and the "have-not" institutions is widened, just as it is between "have" and "have-not" departments within institutions. Given present federal policy for support of higher education, little can be done. But the Administration's recommendations for broad federal support of higher education would go a long way toward redressing the balance.

SPECIALISTS, increasingly, are taking over education just as they have become indispensable to other professions. The schools need expert knowledge and special services just as much as other institutions do. But some schools are too small to require or afford full-time specialists in several fields. To meet this need the University of Arizona, aided by a four-year grant from the W. K. Kellogg Foundation, is setting up a program to prepare "duo specialists" for small community schools in Arizona. Each specialist will receive one year of training in two of the three areas in which expert knowledge is most needed: guidance and counseling, reading, and special education for the mentally retarded or physically handicapped. Training will be provided for teachers already committed to a career in non-urban schools, and will be geared to the specific needs of the teacher's own school. Hopefully, the program not only will help solve the problem of special services for small schools in Arizona, but will also provide a model for other Southwestern and Rocky Mountain states.

STATE COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES are, perforce, less selective in admitting students than the better private colleges. Not infrequently, they are compelled by law to accept all high school graduates in the state, no matter what the applicant's potential for higher learning. State institutions that have maintained high academic standards have done so, typically, by flunking out a large percentage of freshmen after one or two semesters. But questions have been raised with increasing frequency in recent years as to whether this is an adequate response to the widely acknowledged need for more highly educated people in an automated world.

Southern Illinois University, in Carbondale, is seeking some answers to these questions in an unusual experiment with college freshmen who ranked in the lowest third of their high school classes. Known as the "Experimental Freshman Year," the study is attempting to determine who should be admitted to college, what the institution can do to increase students' academic success once they are admitted, and how latent abilities of low-achieving students can be discovered and developed. Five kinds of students are included in the experiment: 1) those with high aptitude and low performance; 2) one-interest students who concentrate on a single area and slight other studies; 3) the late-bloomers whose desire to attend college appeared after failure to prepare adequately for college entrance; 4) the non-conformist "who has refused to accept the patterns of our educational system"; and 5) those who show unusual capacity for creative thought and action, but mesh poorly with the institutional demands of the school.

A total of 219 selected students were placed in three test groups, each of which received different treatment. Students in Group I entered a concentrated program of integrated study which was specially designed for the program. High standards were set for students, their study time was supervised by instructors, and a variety of films, guest lecturers, illustrated lectures, and special testing methods were introduced.

Students in Group II enrolled in the standard general education courses, but took a lighter course load than most freshmen, received special counseling, and were required to take remedial courses to improve their study habits and test-taking skills. The third group enrolled for the standard freshman program, were given some counseling, and were extensively tested throughout the year.

A fourth group of freshmen who were matched academically with the experimental group, were unaware that they were part of the experiment. Their college records will be analyzed in the same fashion as those of the students involved directly in the experiment.

It will be some time before the evidence will indicate whether the Southern Illinois University program has come up with any workable answers to the questions about the admission of low-achieving students to college. But the project should be helpful, at least, in focusing attention on an area of academic affairs where our ignorance is monumental.

ACCOUNTING PROCEDURES of public school systems are often so primitive that they fail to provide the kind of information school boards, superintendents and citizens need in formulating education policy. Many schools develop well thought out budgets which indicate how they intend to spend their money, but fail to maintain financial statements that show how, in fact, the district's money is spent, or has been spent in the past. Without such records, which provide the basis for wise management decisions in any enterprise, it is often impossible for a school board to decide wisely whether it can afford new expenditures or whether the district is receiving full value for money already spent.

In an effort to improve accounting procedures of public school systems, the American Institute of Certified Public Accountants (666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19) has developed, *Public School Costs: An Accounting Primer for School Board Members and Taxpayers.* Released last month, the twenty-eight-page pamphlet describes in clear, concise language the factors affecting school costs, the nature of school finance, the distinguishing characteristics of current expenditures and how they relate to the school budget, and the crucial function performed by financial reports.

Public School Costs should prove helpful to many school board members and citizens concerned with their schools. It is a true "primer"—elementary enough to be understood by uninitiated laymen; it is also sophisticated enough to be read with benefit even by citizens who are well informed about school affairs. Copies are available from the Institute for 50 cents, with discounts for quantity orders.

—James Cass.

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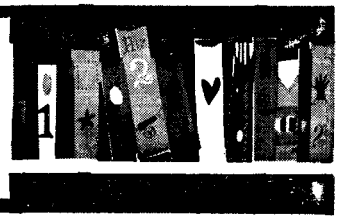
the Editor's Bookshelf



MANY recent novels have dealt with the ethical problems faced by military commanders, statesmen, and business executives in making administrative decisions. Few have dealt with the problems faced by top school executives, although these are of a similar order of difficulty and social importance.

Many a high school principal has paced the floor at night deciding whether to remove the books objected to by the DAR, the American Legion, or a minority group. At this moment school superintendents are wrestling with the problem of how to desegregate the schools in cities where housing remains segregated. Each spring school administrators all across the country must decide whether to discharge incompetent teachers who have tenure and may be counted upon to make countercharges.

These decisions require moral courage of a high order—the kind it takes to risk a career and a professional reputation while solving a problem of great complexity for which no solution is completely black or white. But when a school administrator appears in a novel he is rarely a decision maker; more often he is only a minor character presented as a petty despot or a stuffy bureaucrat who devotes his time to the trivialities of school keeping and plays no significant role in his community.

Robert Evans, in Benjamin Siegel's new novel, *The Principal*, (Harcourt, Brace, and World, $4.95) is a happy exception to the stereotype. Evans is neither an Ichabod Crane nor a Mr. Chips. He is the responsible administrator of a present day suburban high school who faces all the problems that beset school men today and deals with them in his own way.

He understands adolescents but has few illusions and has rejected the sentimental clichés of his profession. He has concluded that there are bad boys and girls just as there are bad men and women and that kindness, bolstered by a knowledge of psychology, does not always provide a substitute for discipline. He knows a good teacher when he finds one but he knows too that some of his teachers are "irascible, dull, and incapable of passing on an inspiration that they have either never experienced or have forgotten." Still he is confident of the improvability of human nature and proud of his profession.

Evans has his weaknesses—in dealing with difficult subordinates he shows all the tact of a top sergeant with a toothache. At times he vacillates but, when the issue becomes important enough, he proves to be a man of courage and conviction who is willing to stand up to a less courageous superintendent and a school board that fails to understand the distinction between policy making and administration.

Author Siegel is not a professional educator but he has done his homework well and knows a great deal about the difficulties of administering an American high school today. He demonstrates that a novelist who knows his subject can present subtle and complex problems more vividly than any writer of didactic prose. —P.W.

A Companion to Spock

A Parent's Guide to Children's Education, *by Nancy Larrick (Trident Press. N.Y. 402 pp., $5.95).*

By FRANK G. JENNINGS

> I wonder about how come all big children blame things on little children that little children didn't do.

DR. Larrick has a keen ear for the language of children and an informed sympathy for their struggles to make the world make sense. Children are surrounded by giants with loud voices and glowering eyes who ask questions as if an answer were a soul's ransom. They live in a cautionary world of *do's* and *don'ts*, of "Mother knows best" and "Daddy will be angry." This world has been getting louder and faster every year.

In our struggle that our way of life may prevail, children are being treated like cadres soon to be marched off to some non-distant Thermopylae. "The college of your choice" has become almost a kindergarten problem. Dr. Larrick urges in this gentle guide that the tykes be given a chance to live a little while at home and in the school. Although this book is specifically directed toward parents, many teachers are going to find it a worthwhile bit of homework. For in describing what a good education ought to be like in today's elementary school, she is offering teachers some very sobering checklists.

Parents have the children for the first six years, unless the school has a kindergarten, then they *have* the little ones for five, unless there happens to be a nursery school, then intellectual weaning can be gotten on the hire-purchase plan and parents can become used to the notion of cash-payment tuition that they will have to live with when the "chosen college" finds a place for their adolescent. Those first six years are crucial in the life of the child. They make him whatever he will become. Except for his genetic endowment, these years will even determine whether he becomes bright or dull, whether he is creative, docile, aggressive, shrunken in body and spirit, or full of eagerness about this world's possibilities. During these years the child may even learn why big children always blame little children for things little children do not do.

This guide offers advice, Spock-fashion, about what to do at every turn; when the child begins to talk; when he discovers the power of the "why" questions; when he (or she) tries to discover what makes the hi-fi work (or the mixmaster, the vacuum cleaner, or the cosmetic cabinet). More important, it is filled with reminders about the nourishment of creativity, courage and honesty. These suggestions are made, perhaps, too softly, but the seeking parent and teacher will get their point.

Dr. Larrick's advice about reading is up to the standard of her earlier book, *A Parent's Guide to Children's Reading*. She pleads, as have many others, that there be books in the home, that children be read to, that there be talk about books and about ideas from books, and, perhaps most important, that this interest on the part of teacher and parent must not stop when the children are "on their own in reading." Her comments about

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the precocious reader make good sense. Discussing one of the newer methods for teaching children to read earlier, [illegible] comments:

> But one thing is certain: When we are dealing with children and their education, *faster isn't necessarily better.* In the long run, *faster may even be slower* if a firm foundation is postponed to a later day.

No red-blooded citizen of the modern world would deny the sweet virtues of success, but its exclusive pursuit by the very young can develop the wrong kind of social muscle. "The line between challenge and pressure is a thin one," the author warns. Too often has the adult world converted the play of the child into a gaudy circus for tired suburban adults. The sandlots have been swallowed up by housing developments while the Little Leaguers play to packed bleachers under the arc lights. No longer can a boy build a plane from scratch with nothing but glue, balsa wood and a razor blade. Now he gets his extrusions direct from the plastics industry. Puppets are no longer the little miracles created from discarded dustcloths and antique buttons; they are fabricated on an assembly line, pushed on television, complete with stage and script, without any magic at all.

EDUCATION does begin in the home. It begins with very strong magic, for the child learns more in the first six years than in any other six years he will ever live. What he learns then will determine not only the quality of the successful life he may live; it can, as the old saw has it, literally determine the shape of all our futures. Nancy Larrick's new book is a reminder-in-depth of what this education is all about. It is, in its quiet way, a declaration of independence from some of the restraints of affluence. Would that she had spoken louder and scanned more widely—for the homes she describes, the schools she reports on, the people she speaks to are almost exclusively the well-favored.

Who will write of the other homes, in what the social scientists, in their thick-tongued way, call the "central cities," "depressed urban areas," where the "disadvantaged" of this world see dimly through neon-lighted jungles, that other America where most of the problems dealt with in Dr. Larrick's *Guide* have no existence at all? These people do not read the books or magazines that are addressed to the middle class. A book, or something, must be written for them, because they, too, ask the child's question: "How come all big children blame little children?"

A Study of Creativity

Imagination, *by Harold Rugg (Harper & Row. 361 pp. $695). The reviewer is Associate Professor of History and Philosophy of Education, University of Texas.*

BY FRANKLIN PARKER

FOR MOST of his life, including thirty-one years as professor of education at Teachers College, Columbia University, the late Harold Rugg was a creative teacher of teachers. But he began as a Dartmouth-trained engineer. Teaching civil engineering at James Millikin University led him to graduate study. He taught engineering at the University of Illinois and took graduate work there in education, psychology, and sociology, earning the Ph.D. degree in 1915. Then followed three years of experimentation in statistical measurement with psychologist Charles H. Judd at the University of Chicago. Rugg's aptitude for measurement transferred easily from nature to man. After publishing his first book, *Statistical Methods Applied to Education* (1917), Rugg worked in World War I with a group of distinguished psychologists headed by Edward L. Thorndike. He helped develop tests to identify potential officer candidates. During these early years the imaginative and restless Rugg was groping for his own sources of creativity.

A change of direction for Rugg came by reading social criticism in the liberal *New Republic* and the revolt of the artists in the literary *Seven Arts.* Rugg echoed the pre-Depression protest against puritanism, Babbittry, and machine culture. At experimental Lincoln School, Teachers College, Columbia University, he directed research for the writing of a highly successful series of social studies textbooks. As a professor of education and in book after book, he urged artist-teachers to help youth improve the quality of American life. Curriculum-making led Rugg to probe deeper into the nature of the creative act.

During the troubled pre-World War II years, American patriotic groups found in Rugg a convenient target. His social ideas were criticized, his books frequently banned and, in a few communities, actually burned. Suspected by conservatives and admired by liberals, he remained a controversial progressive educator. Retiring in 1951 to his artist-colony home in Woodstock, New York, he worked vigorously on his big book. Death came in 1960 before it was finished. The manuscript was edited by a friend and fellow educator, Kenneth D. Benne, professor of education at Boston University. *Imagination,* a search for the sources of man's creativity, is Rugg's legacy.

The book is a readable synthesis of many of the best studies on creativity. Rugg found three stages of the creative act. He tried to analyze these stages: first, a stage at which the problem baffles all conscious efforts at solution; second, the stage at which the conscious mind has given up and has pushed the problem deep into the subconscious; finally, the indescribable instant when the unconscious flash of insight becomes conscious certainty. What triggers the insight? What electrochemical impulses produce the right configuration? What fires the correct combination? What throws the pieces into a pattern of new understanding? These are questions that Rugg probes.

To Rugg the flash comes at a point somewhere on the threshold between conscious and unconscious mind, the no-mind of Tao and Zen, a point he calls the "transliminal mind." The flash is triggered in an off-conscious instant, when the mind is relaxed, when conscious approaches have been thrown off, when a unique new orientation setting occurs.

The brain does not create, says Rugg. It computes, guides, searches, scans, probes, and reacts to feedback from innumerable memory roads. The creative act is a total organic action. It is physiological, psychological, cultural, and environmental. It is conceptual and symbolic, the "ah" of recognition, the certainty of intuition.

Rugg's tour through the avenues of creativity is a grand Toynbee-like tour. He searched for truth with the eye of an artist, the mind of a scientist, the heart of a humanist, the zeal of a reformer, and the longing of Everyman. If he fell short, at least he tried. In trying he partly succeeded. For he came close to what he was seeking.

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British Universities

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and timetabling, the extension of the university experience beyond working hours which have become normal for many students. The aim is to break the "nine to five" habit which has often become ingrained in those who live either at home or in lodgings a long way from the university buildings. The selection of small towns, and the planning of campuses will encourage this tendency, as will the building of dormitories for a large proportion of students. At York every student will be a member of a college, each of which will contain 300 undergraduates of both sexes; they will include not only study bedrooms but common rooms, libraries, refectories; some teaching staff will also have rooms in the colleges, both for their living quarters and for teaching in. It is not expected that all students will live in these colleges throughout their undergraduate years; they may spend a year or even two in lodgings, but during these years they will remain attached to their college for social purposes. The teaching and the policy for admission will, of course, be the responsibility of the university and not of the college. In the new universities, an attempt will be made to make the teaching effective by the introduction, as far as possible, of tutorials for all students, to supplement the lectures and seminars.

In the past, new universities have had to work their own passages for a number of years before they became autonomous or were permitted to grant their own degrees. Today, however, each member of the Septet has been made free to grant degrees and to devise individual courses, from the start. This has made them immediately attractive to a large number of experimentally minded teachers; they are also attracting from the schools, students who are looking for something new, something they hope is more relevant to the future than what they see in the older institutions. The fact that these seven are all starting within a few years of each other has meant that their impact on English education has been considerable, both in the universities and in the schools, and this influence could continue to grow.

However, there is a danger that these places may be tempted to seek novelty for the sake of novelty, may become self-conscious and even self-satisfied. It should be recognized for instance that much of what is planned in the new universities has already, here and there, been put into practice in the older ones. Life for the new students will not be all roses, particularly in the early years when numbers are small—most start with about 200 students and grow in four or five years to over a thousand and plan in ten years to be over three thousand. However, something important has been begun. There are many forces active in the world of English education today, and among the most potentially potent must be numbered the seven new universities of the sixties.

"Another agonizing reappraisal, I suppose."

Balliol

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the reinforcement of prejudice. A college the size of Balliol forces communication between the unlikely. That is a valuable experience in a world that seems composed too often of persons talking past one another.

It was no accident, perhaps, that in the years just before the Second World War, Balliol men were elected President of the Oxford Union for six successive years. One of them, Edward Heath, Lord Privy Seal in the Macmillan Government, was chief negotiator in the attempt to lead Britain into the continent of Europe by way of the Common Market. The rebuff of that effort by the French sheds some perspective on the intellectual climate fostered respectively on opposite sides of the Channel.

The college system instituted at Oxford represents a significant departure from the Continental style or large, non-residential universities in urban capitals. It is still difficult today to put one's finger on that hazily defined entity known as the Sorbonne. Professors lecture in large amphitheatres to masses of students they would never presume to meet personally, much as in some our own large universities. The system to be sure manages to breed a form of individuality—at least in Paris. But it has also been known to foster dogma and the regurgitation of lecture notes. Lectures, by contrast, are barely tolerated at Oxford. They belong to that unwelcome presence, the University. Oxford University—unlike its American counterparts—is but a loose confederation of its 29 member colleges, each one of which is fiercely independent. Each college admits its own students, selects its own faculty, fields its own teams, maintains its own traditions. Discipline and examinations are the province of the University. But life and loyalty focus upon the college.

Balliol still stands after seven centuries on the modest site chosen by John de Balliol, Lord of Barnard Castle in Durham, as a hostel for sixteen poor scholars. It was his Scottish widow, Lady Devorguilla of Galloway, who caused the Statutes to be promulgated which provided that two meals a day were to be provided at a common table in return for which the scholars were to converse in the Latin language and hold disputations once a week.

This early integration of social and intellectual activity among the members of that House has remained the essence of college life. Education at Balliol involves the whole man, and the atmosphere is intimate and warm.

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Hilaire Belloc's famous lines may strike some as sentimental:

> Balliol made me, Balliol fed me,
> Whatever I had she gave me again;
> And the best of Balliol loved and led me,
> God be with you, Balliol men.

Coming from a man who was born a Frenchman, the words are testimony to the power of this British idea.

Latin has all but disappeared today save for sconces in Hall and the toast to the college—*Floreat Domus de Balliolo*—but the weekly "disputations," formal and informal, have flourished down through the centuries.

The weekly tutorial, in which the student must present and defend an essay drawn from original sources, remains the heart of the College system. One may disagree with the English, but one cannot deny that their leaders tend to be an articulate and literate lot. The confrontation process whereby the energies of the don are directed toward probing, exciting, even upsetting his student produces a mental self-discipline that eludes other forms of pedagogy.

Balliol, above all, has been a teaching college. For a Balliol don, research is usually regarded as a potential service to the student, not an avenue of escape from teaching responsibilities. If some of the brightest minds among the Fellows published little, it was usually because they had spent it all on their pupils. Whether it was well spent could be told by reading the College register, where the recitation of one's worldly accomplishments are forever wedded to the initials of one's tutors.

The attitude toward studies in Balliol was—and is—serious. It is not merely a matter of vicarious association with figures who have shared in a Balliol education from the times of John Wycliffe, Adam Smith and Matthew Arnold down to the times of Arnold Toynbee, Aldous Huxley or Denis Brogan. The prestige of individual academic accomplishment was—and is—enormous.

A First Class in his examination Schools is an achievement that follows an Oxford man to his obituary in *The Times*. American Phi Beta Kappas from respectable universities have found a First Class at Oxford rare, even though competing against younger students in subjects for which they already hold an American B.A. This may help the reader to appreciate more fully that in one vintage Balliol year, 42 per cent of all Balliol undergraduates taking Schools in all subjects achieved the First Class while another 30 per cent were managing a Second.

There is criticism leveled these days at the high degree of early specialization required in some Oxford subjects. There is undoubtedly merit in the broader approaches being tested in some of the new universities. Intellectual curiosity is probably the most essential requirement, however, for the grasp of all knowledge and certainly for individual self-development in the long years that follow formal education. At Balliol, whatever the subject, the emphasis is ever on the quest.

An impudent undergraduate in the days of the great Jowett was responsible for the libel:

> First come I. My name is Jowett.
> There's no knowledge, but I know it.
> I am Master of this College.
> What I don't know isn't knowledge.

The rhyme illustrates a healthy disrespect for omniscience, which in the end may very well prove to be the real secret of Balliol. It is a quality that sets well in a small but tough-minded body. The skeptic with a burning urge to find real truth is not easily put off by fads of the moment. He may never find the real thing, but he can recognize the counterfeit.

It would be a pity if the world is growing too swiftly for the preservation of Lady Devorguilla's small House for disputation. A million pounds should not be an exhorbitant sum to preserve the magic of making leaders.

Mexico's M.I.T.

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been dying for lack of water. One's daily water supply must be bought from a burro drawn tank cart, and the town's sanitary facilities are useless. The farms have dried up and the men seek summer work in the United States, winter work in the factories of Monterrey. As a class project, Tec students analyzed the problems of the village. They helped to form a cooperative of the older men to distribute products and develop new ways to earn a living—bee culture, a broom factory, possibly a rattlesnake farm to produce venom. Tec students also founded a Boy's Club to encourage the young to raise their standards of living and to give them encouragement for the future. The boys are raising chickens and earning a little money by collecting insects for Tec's Department of Entomology. Baseball proved the key to the interest and the enthusiasm of the group, so Tec students chipped in to buy the necessary bats, balls, and mitts. Professor Cuevas, in charge of Tec's extension work, feels that the hope of Mexico lies with its youth, and wishes that similar Boy's Clubs could be formed in other Mexican towns.

Salinas Victoria and the city of Monterrey are within 150 miles of the Texas border and they stand as a bridge between the United States and Mexico. Salinas Victoria has been linked to the United States by the farmers who go there to work under contract during the summer. Monterrey has profited from the influx of tourists from the United States. But these groups, the best known representatives of each abroad, do not present a typical or always favorable impression of either country. The *braceros*, needed to harvest crops in the United States, are very different from the students, faculty, and administrators of a Mexican university. Tourist trade is vital to the economy of Mexico, but students and college faculty who come to Mexico to learn Spanish, to understand the country and its problems, to work with Mexicans in joint studies, can do much more to encourage friendship and understanding than can casual visitors in Mexico for vacation pleasures.

For this reason, Tec's summer school was founded in 1948, and this year 743 U.S. students went to Monterrey to learn Spanish, to study Mexican history and culture, to engage in joint research. A unique part of the summer session is a high school program. With Mexican teachers and classes from

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eight A.M. to one P.M. each week day, high school juniors, and seniors cover a year's Spanish in six weeks. They are expected to conform to the old fashioned customs of northern Mexico, but siestas and restrictions do not spoil the fun of making new friends and learning Spanish south of the border.

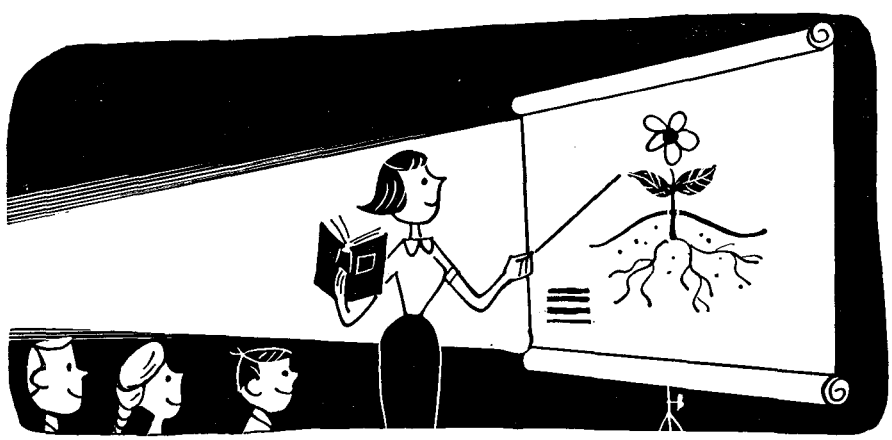
Stephens College, Vanderbilt University, Florida State are a few of the colleges cooperating with the summer program. In addition to courses in Spanish and Mexican culture, there are workshops in architecture from the University of Texas, geology from Tulane, and botany from Kansas Wesleyan. Although the majority of the summer school staff is Mexican, thirty-two American school and college teachers are contributing to the program.

U.S. and Mexican scholars are cooperating in a Center of Social Investigation concerned with problems relating to the English and Spanish cultures. Initial studies have included history, anthropology, and sociology of northeastern Mexico and southern Texas. In 1962 an archeological group probed this relatively unexplored area, uncovering evidence of people who invaded Mexico perhaps 10,000 years ago.

This is but one of the programs just beginning at Tecnológico and the list of goals ahead is formidable. Included are a School of Oceanography and Fisheries, a program of study for urban development, a center for regional and national market research. There are plans for a thorough investigation of the development and practice of industrial relations in Monterrey, for it is felt that an analysis of the factors that have led to good labor management relations in Monterrey would be of significance to other cities.

President Garcia Roel considers the Instituto Tecnológico a bulwark of the system of free enterprise in Mexico. Interestingly enough, while the university is striving to strengthen the industry and agriculture of Mexico, Communists are vigorously attacking the founders of the Monterrey Institute of Technology. A news magazine, *Tiempo,* published a full-page notice last July calling upon the *Regiomontanos* to free their city from the ominous rule of the industrial group of Monterrey, "enemy of the dignity of man, enemy of freedom of thought and expression, enemy of a united Mexico." But Communists have never had much influence with the conservative, hardworking, thrifty people of Monterrey. For example, in 1937, when an effort was made by leftist union leaders to displace the local unions, half the people of Monterrey marched en masse to demonstrate against the movement. A political reprisal followed, and a number of Monterrey's industrial leaders were jailed. Again in 1962, 100,000 Monterrey citizens protested the government's demand that a new series of textbooks be used in all the schools. It was rumored that some of them were written by Communists, and Monterrey did not want its children to be exposed to the propaganda of *"el unico texto."*

Education, food, housing, health, land distribution, industrialization—all are key problems for Mexico, one of the fastest growing countries in the world. While Mexico is looking both toward Communism and democracy for solutions to its problems, Monterrey, key link between the United States and Latin America, is fortunately growing in economic strength and developing a large middle class. The Instituto Tecnológico is contributing to Latin America's progress as it graduates engineers, accountants, teachers, cattlemen, chemists, technicians, and mechanics—men and women competent in their fields with a concern for human welfare. The M.I.T. of Mexico, an experiment in self help and international cooperation, should prove a noteworthy example to other parts of this troubled world.



J. Surace

Schools Overseas

(*Continued from page 45*)

places such as Madrid, Tokyo, Wiesbaden, Oslo. There are exceptions to this system, but they are not common.

After arrival at her new assignment, our "typical" teacher must get accustomed to life on a military installation. She can become a person who spends most of her time on the base, taking advantage of the complete facilities offered by the military. Or she may take the opposite extreme, live "on the economy," and spend most of her time trying to be an Italian or a Japanese. Most overseas teachers fall somewhere between these two extremes. They are neither "ghetto-like," nor have they "gone native." Usually the teachers, more than any other group on the base, serve as a bridge between the local culture and the base itself—partly because they are teachers and partly because of their innate curiosity.

During the off-duty hours some overseas teachers get involved in a wide variety of extra-curricular activities. Many represent a sort of silent Peace Corps and are teaching English to foreign nations, or taking youngsters—both American and foreign—on trips to visit various sights and places of interest. Others are off gathering knowledge about Japan or Korea—trying to find out for themselves what it is like to be a native of these countries. Others take advantage of the splendors of the local countryside for their own enjoyment. It is not unusual, for example, to talk with teachers in Germany who are wildly enthusiastic about skiing, or in Japan about the "Kabuki" theatre. Few can go through this overseas experience without having some of it rub off.

The armed services dependents schools are neither much better nor much worse than most public schools in the States. Their graduates are regularly accepted at the better colleges at home and apparently they fare as well as graduates of other American schools. These schools have most of the same problems as their counterparts in the States and their successes are equally similar. The range of quality among them, however, tends to be wider. A bad overseas school is likely to be very bad indeed; a good one is often phenomenally effective. And it is usually the principal who makes the difference. Because of the circumstances under which they operate, these scattered schools around the world offer unique educational opportunities as well as some special problems—for both students and teachers. But their outstanding characteristic is that they remain as American as any public schools at home.

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—From "Told in Scotland."

The Spreading Chestnut Tree

By ALICE DALGLIESH

A CORRESPONDENT from Escondido, California, who read my comments about "classics" in *SR* June 22, says he "was prompted to send for a list of classics which Dr. Max Rafferty, Superintendent of Public Instruction in California, has compiled. He is encouraging people throughout the state to send for the list. . . . Do you have any comment regarding how essential these books would be for an elementary school child who hopes to follow a high school program which would be classed as college preparatory?" He includes the list.

Well—I have already said that in my opinion there is no one list of "classics" that every child should read, only books that we hope individual children may enjoy. It seems evident that a child should find in the first chapters of a book something that makes him want to read further.

What surprised me was not that Dr. Rafferty had suggested thirty-five basic books and thirty-five poems for students in grades five through eight, but I was astonished by the statement heading the list:

> The office of the California State Superintendent of Schools has compiled the following list of essential reading for elementary schoolchildren. It is largely reading for enjoyment—not school books. It is considered that children who have read and enjoyed them will be well-qualified to undertake the literary portion of our new high school college preparatory curriculum.

If this reading is, as implied, an elementary school course preparatory for high school, is it intended to be given as an English course in school or to be read "for enjoyment" out of school? Is it a list for summer reading? I am disturbed by the casual listing of some books, suggesting "abridged" or "child's version" without any indication by whom the abridgment or "child's version" is made—both matters that are quite important. We find on the list, among others annotated in this way: *The Legends of King Arthur* (child's version), Cervantes: *Don Quixote* (child's version), Homer: *Iliad* (abridged), Homer: *Odyssey* (abridged). To consider the last two, there are several excellent presentations for children and young people, but they are retellings. To abridge a translation of the original would scarcely make Homer understandable to elementary schoolchildren. Kingsley's *Water Babies* is unabridged and if ever there was a moral tale that called for abridgment that is one. In any case, is it "essential" reading? And is *The Wizard of Oz* "essential"? Popular, yes, but "essential"? Does a book become "essential reading" only by virtue of popularity?

Also, if the reader has *Don Quixote, The Iliad,* and *The Odyssey* in elementary school, or at home, will he have a chance to revisit them in high school, perhaps in greater depth?

The books are standard classics, but the poems are heavily on the patriotic and moral side. Children enjoy storytelling poems with a swing to them, but even in my youth we were not fond of *The Wreck of the Hesperus, The Village Blacksmith,* or *The Charge of the Light Brigade.* As for *Casabianca*—we simply thought that the boy on the burning deck did not use his head. I wonder why Eugene Field's poem *Little Boy Blue,* a lament for a dead child, written by an adult for adults, is in the company of *Lochinvar* and *Horatius.*

Although none of these selections can do any harm, and some may do good, they are not books and poems to be indiscriminately crammed down the throats of children, and it is to be hoped they will not be used in that way. I thought Mark Twain had neatly disposed of some of the old chestnuts in that chapter in *Tom Sawyer,* "Eloquence and the Master's Gilded Dome," one sentence of which reads, "*The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck* followed; also *The Assyrian Came Down* and other declamatory gems." *Tom Sawyer* is not on the reading list; so it is possible the faith of young people may not be destroyed.

California seems to have a most energetic and active group of librarians, who will undoubtedly help a bewildered public to find its way in this list. We can count on them to do this and perhaps count on them to enrich the list itself.

I cannot help wondering, though, what will happen to those children who have not enjoyed these books and poems. Do they have any further choice? And how do you measure enjoyment?

—From "Walter the Lazy Mouse."

A CAPITAL SHIP OR THE WALLOPING WINDOW BLIND. *By Charles Edward Carryl. Pictures by Paul Galdone. McGraw-Hill.* 32 *pp.* $2.75. A fine healthy wind blows through the nautical pages of these nonsense verses and the song that goes with them. You all know "A capital ship for an ocean trip/ Was *The Walloping Window Blind*/ No gale that blew dismayed her crew/ Or troubled the captain's mind." Paul Galdone has given us pictorial presentations of a number of lively rhymes and folktales. Children will have fun reading and singing this at home or at school. Ages 5-9.

WILDFIRE. *Story by Evans G. Valens, Jr. Pictures by Clement Hurd. World.* 32 *pp.* $3.75. Last year this author-artist team surprised us with *Wingfin and Topple,* the tale of two flying fish. The pictures were made by using a variety of techniques, including the grain of weathered wood. This was most effective for underwater pictures, and while not quite as suitable for the forest fire in this book, the result is still dramatic. There is one terrific spread in which lightning (in white) is shown against a weathered-wood background (green). However, the story could be more simply written and yet be just as convincing. Ages 6-9.

WALTER THE LAZY MOUSE. *By Marjorie Flack. Illustrated by Cyndy Szekeres. Doubleday.* 96 *pp.* $2.95. This new edition of a favorite story is gay and childlike, but I doubt the publisher's assertion that children up to ten will read it. Walter is so lazy that he never gets to meals or to

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school on time, so his family forgets about him and moves away. He comes home to find no home, no family—a severe penalty for being lazy and late, it would seem. But Walter finds new friends—frogs—and sets to work to build a little house for himself. No longer is he lazy; he even starts a school for frogs. All turns out well in the end, and Walter is reunited with his mouse family. The details of the pictures will keep children busy looking at them. Ages up to 10.

IN PREHISTORIC SEAS. *By Carroll Lane Fenton and Mildred Adams Fenton. Illustrated by Carroll Lane Fenton and with photographs. Doubleday.* 127 *pp.* $2.95. Children interested in fossils (and many are) will find this a most interesting book, and they will love the long names. The authors explain that such words as *plesiosaurs* and *trilobites* are used because there are no everyday English words for most fossils, and it would not make things easier if we turned *plesiosaur* into "almost-a-lizard," which its name means in English. Ages up to 12.

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER. *By Mark Twain. Illustrated by John Falter. With an afterword by Clifton Fadiman. Macmillan.* 297 *pp.* $2.95. The Macmillan Classics, forty-two of them, were put into a new format last year, and this particular book is representative of them. They will be liked according to whether one likes the illustrator of the particular book. In this edition of *Tom Sawyer* you will find the chapter (21) that describes examination day at school and the declaiming of poems.

Clifton Fadiman says in his afterword, "Tom, of course, like most of the nice boys of his time is brought up to be respectable and pious. But boys, at any time, are not by nature respectable and pious. They don't see the sense of it. Civilization takes a lot of getting used to when you're a boy." Mark Twain wasn't pious either. And, incidentally, wouldn't we rather see his picture on the back flap of the jacket than Clifton Fadiman's?

FAVORITE FAIRY TALES TOLD IN SCOTLAND. *Retold by Virginia Haviland. Illus-by Adrienne Adams.* **FAVORITE FAIRY TALES TOLD IN SPAIN.** *Retold by Virginia Haviland. Illustrated by Barbara Cooney. Little, Brown. Resp.,* 92 *pp.,* 87 *pp.* $2.95 *each.* Here are two more colorful books of fairy tales from other countries to add to Virginia Haviland's well-known series, which are retold from the originals to make them easier reading for today's children. Both illustrators are among our best; Adrienne Adams gives a fair approximation of Scottish feeling; Barbara Cooney is probably more at home in Spain. Virginia Haviland is specialist in children's literature for the Library of Congress in Washington, D. C. This is a newly created govenment position that has long been needed. Ages 8 up.

THE HEROES. *By Charles Kingsley. Illustrated by Joan Kidell-Monroe.* 210 *pp.* $3.25. This is one of the Dent English classics, published in this country by Dutton. Charles Kingsley could more profitably be remembered by children for this book than for *The Water Babies.* The black and white illustrations are better than the color plates, and the presentation of Perseus on the jacket might even deter the reader from going further. No age level given.

FRUITCAKE AND ARSENIC. *By Josephine Hemphill. Illustrated by Marvin Friedman. Little, Brown.* 138 *pp.* $3.95. This is an interesting and timely book about the work of the Food and Drug Administration, beginning when Dr. Harvey W. Wiley was appointed Chief Chemist of the United States Department of Agriculture in 1883. The anecdotes, by an author who was on the staff of the Food and Drug Administration, are exciting and true. But the illustrations, which could also have been interesting, are poor. Ages 12 up.

THE SEVENTEEN BOOK OF ETIQUETTE AND ENTERTAINING. *By Enid A. Haupt, Editor-in-chief of Seventeen Magazine. McKay.* 307 *pp.* $5.95. To have the editor of *Seventeen* take you by the hand and guide you through the pitfalls of social life must be a satisfying experience for teen-age girls. This attractive, oversize book covers everything from being "a nice person" through table manners, entertaining in restaurants, letter writing, "boys, boys, boys," and that final chapter, your engagement and wedding. There is also a chapter "For Men Only." Girls will probably take advice from this editor, and if they absorb half of the suggestions in the book they will certainly be "nice to be with." Age group indicated only by title.

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THE GRAPHIC ART OF JAKOB STEINHARDT. By H. Gamzu. Yoseloff. $10.

Business, Economics

AUTOMATION AND INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS. By Edward B. Shils. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $6.40.

Education

EDUCATION AND THE CREATIVE POTENTIAL. By E. Paul Torrance. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $4.50.

Fiction

ALL THE GODS AND GODDESSES. By Kay Martin. Putnam. $5.95.

THE CHINESE GARDEN. By Rosemary Manning. Farrar, Straus. $3.95.

DR. OX'S EXPERIMENT. By Jules Verne. New edition with biographical introduction by Willy Ley, epilogue by Hubertus Strughold, illustrations by William Pène du Bois. Macmillan. $3.95.

EARLY SUMMER. By Anna Sevier. Atheneum. $3.95.

HENRY'S WAR. By Jeremy Brooks. St. Martin's. $3.95.

THE HOPKINS MANUSCRIPT. By R. C. Sherriff. New edition with introduction by John Gassner, epilogue by George Gamow, illustrations by Joseph Mugnaini. Macmillan. $4.95.

THE HORN AND THE FOREST. By Jamie Lee Cooper. Bobbs-Merrill. $4.

IT IS TIME, LORD. By Fred Chappell. Atheneum. $3.95. (*SR,* Aug. 10.)

THE MARQUIS. By Joan Sanders. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

THE MEDICI FOUNTAIN. By Joseph Kessel. Translated by Herma Briffault. St. Martin's. $5.95.

THE NUN OF MONZA. By Mario Mazzuchelli. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

POWERS OF ATTORNEY. By Louis Auchincloss. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50. (See page 15.)

THE RETURN OF THE SNOW WHITE PURITAN. By John Paolotti. Harper & Row. $3.95.

STICK YOUR NECK OUT. By Mordecai Richler. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

THE TRAVELLERS. By Jean Stubbs. St. Martin's. $4.50.

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THE BATTLE FOR GUADALCANAL. By Samuel B. Griffith. Lippincott. $4.95.

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CHURCH AND STATE IN ENGLISH EDUCATION. By Marjorie Cruickshank. St. Martin's. $8.

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THE POLITICAL NOVELS OF JOSEPH CONRAD: A Critical Study. By Eloise Knapp Hay. Univ. of Chicago Press. $6.

THEATRE CHRONICLES: 1937-1962. By Mary McCarthy. Farrar, Straus. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $1.95.

Miscellany

DICTIONARY OF MODERN PRONUNCIATION. By Norman Lewis. Harper & Row. $4.95.

EIGHT MEN OUT: The Black Sox and the 1919 World Series. By Eliot Asinof. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.95.

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THE RELIGIONS OF AMERICA. Revised edition. Edited by Leo Rosten. Simon & Schuster. Hardbound, $5.95. Paperback, $1.95.

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Science

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THE ROLE OF SCIENCE IN CIVILIZATION. By Robert Bruce Lindsay. Harper & Row. $6.50.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 9, 26, 8, 11, 15, 13, 6, 28, 23, 3, 7, 4, 12, 27, 18, 5, 21, 17, 1, 19, 25, 20, 2, 22, 16, 10, 14, 24.

Is It Time?

Continued from page 11

gress.) Such a convention would be able, today, to gather and sift the collective wisdom of the world in a way that would have been impossible even fifteen years ago. Jet planes can bring the delegates back and forth; Telstar enables men to use pictures as never before; there exist halls, wired for simultaneous translation, seating 6,000 people. The physical sciences have not limited their gifts to man to the means of space exploration; the means of exploring world-wide thought are available if man cares to use them.

WHEN, as and if, such a convention assembles, I suggest that our own country give a background to its deliberations in a daring, dramatic fashion. We should invite all nuclear powers to join with us in a super-Bikini demonstration, and we should do it alone if the others refuse. This demonstration would use every means of communication, TV, radio, pictures, which science has provided for the dissemination of knowledge. It could and would show hundreds of millions of people what one, two, or ten 50-megaton bombs could do to *their* homes, *their* cities, *their* country. Such a display could parallel personal experience so closely as to shatter forever the illusion that atomic war "won't be so bad." Whereupon the delegates could and would face the grim realities of their task.

Fantastic? Some people have said so. But was the radio reporting of Bikini in 1946 fantastic? Were the 6,000 people at the Moscow Congress unreal? The only fantastic thing in this proposal is the use of a demonstration to promote world peace rather than sovereign pride.

Doomed to failure? I can only repeat that no one knows what man can do until he tries to do it.

Illusory? Even if a world government were set up, isn't it beyond man's capacities to run it? Doesn't world government demand a change in human nature? To answer this I refer to Jean Monnet, who conceived the "fantastic," "illusory" idea of a Common Market, which now exists. I have read that Monnet keeps a book open to a page on which is printed:

"The experience of every man constantly begins over again. Only institutions grow wise; they accumulate collective experience and, through the action of this experience and this wisdom, men obeying the same rules will see not a change in their nature but a gradual transformation in their behavior."

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(Continued on page 58)

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(Continued from page 57)

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VACATIONS

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1532

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Conviviality, given to jesting.

B. Gave umbrage.

C. Ordinary horse except when capitalized: then a special one.

D. Vocations of Seventh Avenue, N.Y., named for their special tool (2 wds.).

E. Descent below the horizon of a certain heavenly body.

F. Block on which metal is hammered into desired shape.

G. Special form of Japanese wrestling in which the match is lost if any part of the body except the feet touches the ground. (WNI, III).

H. Beginning.

I. Having points at which subsidiary parts enter.

J. A whim (look out, now!)

K. [illegible]scribing the "old oak stump" where the Hermit's kneeling cushion of moss was *(Ancient Mariner)*.

WORDS

13 147 141 169 9 156 174 163 83 118

168 63 160 58 35 151 74 48

39 124 67 28 150 178 167

157 96 91 61 33 34 98 108 56 145 43

164

137 112 60 52 76 62 16

82 75 90 101 94

171 143 3 18

123 31 80 29 86 176

5 105 158 136 30

106 131 49 182 89 97 72

25 19 40 45 46 103

DEFINITIONS

L. More than equaled.

M. Important Amer. basso singer of Wagnerian roles (1873-1935).

N. Opposite number of Dag, to the Norseman.

O. Detach blown glass from the blowpipe by a moistened tool (2 wds.).

P. Specifying a certain Mississippi sucker, for its feature like that of another small wild creature.

Q. Starting point for races in a stadium in ancient Greece.

R. Monster of Greek mythology with a hundred heads, conquered by Zeus's thunderbolt.

S. Combinations of parts into wholes.

T. Specifying a certain Antartic goose, gull, or seal.

U. Surrounding; containing.

V. Loosely, any talking machine.

W. Moral exaltation (2 wds.; WNI III).

X. Describing Whitman's seas on which the soul is to launch joyously.

WORDS

126 37 114 69 51 161 92 130 152 66

129 21 155 73 65 111 12 180 36 41 102

120 68 42 128

7 133 109 78 24 110

55 27 50 127 20 77 8

10 125 23 26 132 165 154

148 87 70 88 135 107 149 22

113 11 47 122 162 6 116 179 138

71 2 44 115 166

159 146 173 95 14 1 119 57 54

38 153 93 100 142 134 139 99 79 4

81 181 121 85 175 104 144 64 17 140

84 170 117 53 177 32 172 15 59

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative lengths of words in the [illegible]am as they develop. [illegible]rity for spellings [illegible] definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 U	2 T	3 G	4 V	■	5 I	6 S	7 O	■	8 P	9 A	10 Q	11 S	12 M	■	13 A	14 U
15 X	16 E	■	17 W	18 G	19 K	20 P	21 M	22 R	23 Q	■	24 O	25 K	26 Q	27 P	28 C	29 H
■	30 I	31 H	32 X	33 D	■	34 D	35 B	36 M	37 L	38 V	39 C	■	40 K	41 M	■	42 N
43 D	44 T	45 K	■	46 K	47 S	48 B	49 J	50 P	51 L	52 E	53 X	54 U	■	55 P	56 D	57 U
58 B	■	59 X	60 E	■	61 D	62 E	63 B	64 W	65 M	66 L	■	67 C	68 N	69 L	70 R	71 T
72 J	73 M	74 B	75 F	76 E	77 P	78 O	79 V	■	80 H	81 W	82 F	83 A	■	84 X	85 W	86 H
87 R	■	88 R	89 J	90 F	91 D	■	92 L	93 V	94 F	95 U	96 D	97 J	■	98 D	99 V	■
100 V	101 F	102 M	103 K	■	104 W	105 I	106 J	107 R	108 D	109 O	■	110 O	111 M	112 E	113 S	114 L
115 T	■	116 S	117 X	118 A	119 U	120 N	121 W	■	122 S	123 H	■	124 C	■	125 Q	126 L	127 P
128 N	■	129 M	130 L	131 J	132 Q	133 O	■	134 V	135 R	136 I	137 E	138 S	■	139 V	140 W	■
141 A	142 V	143 G	144 W	145 D	■	146 U	147 A	148 R	■	149 R	150 C	151 B	152 L	153 V	154 Q	155 M
156 A	157 D	158 I	■	159 U	160 B	■	161 L	162 S	163 A	164 D	■	165 Q	166 T	■	167 C	168 B
169 A	170 X	■	171 G	172 X	173 U	174 A	175 W	176 H	■	177 X	178 C	179 S	180 M	■	181 W	182 J

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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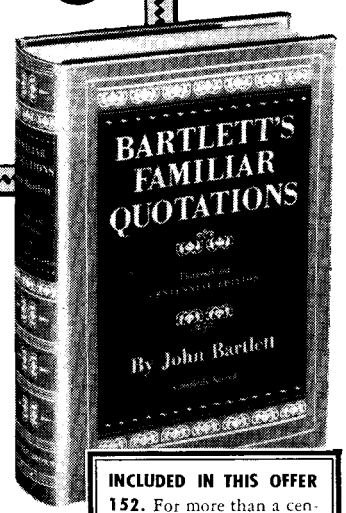

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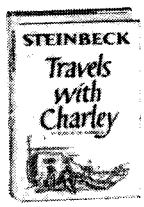

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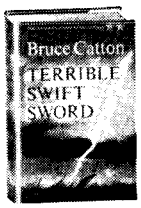

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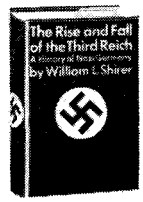

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